

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 9, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

DOUBLE TROUBLE FROM TENNESSEE

Ernie Grunfeld and Bernard King



Volare



The accent is on comfort... and space.

The comfort in our new kind of small wagon starts with the doors. There are 4, not 2, like some other small wagons. And every one of those doors is wide for easy entry.

You and your packages. Handled with care.

The comfort and convenience extends to handy storage compartments. And a liftgate with gas pressure props for easy opening (they disappear when closed).

Inside, Volare has 70% as much cargo space as an average full-size wagon. And yet it is 2 feet shorter, 1,200 lbs. lighter and \$1,500 less expensive.

Small wagon efficiency. Big wagon ride.

The Volare is very easy on gas. According to E.P.A. estimated mileage results, of all Volares, the



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And here's "The Clincher."

For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts and labor,

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The new small wagon from Plymouth.

*In California, see your dealer for engine availability and mileage data for California equipped vehicles.

GE explains why your next color TV should have an "in-line" picture tube.



The "In-Line" Picture Tube System is included on all 19", 17" and 13" diagonal screen size GE color TV models.

In plain English, "in-line" is a color picture tube system, pioneered by General Electric, which simplifies the control and alignment of the red, blue and green electron guns that illuminate the thousands of phosphor rectangles on the inside of your TV screen. When these colored rectangles are illuminated, they produce the color picture on your set. To get true colors, the

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The General Electric "in-line" system is simple to converge because it has few parts, few controls. The result is sharp, realistic color pictures. A system designed, engineered and built by GE to give you a quality color picture.

And isn't that precisely what you're looking for in your next color set?

So compare color TV pictures before you buy your next color set. Of course you'll make up your own mind... however, when you add the "in-line" system to the GE modular solid state chassis, the ease of GE One Touch Color* tuning* and Custom Picture Control, you'll understand why...



High impact plastic cabinet with antique pine finish. Stand optional, extra.

It all adds up to GE performance television



**performance
TELEVISION**

* Available on most models.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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If you're like most smokers, you smoke for taste. But after awhile, most good tasting cigarettes can taste pretty harsh.

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And by tomorrow night, you'll be a Lark smoker too.

**Full rich flavor
that never tastes rough.**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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King: 18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, Extra Long: 18 mg. "tar,"
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Report (Nov. 75).

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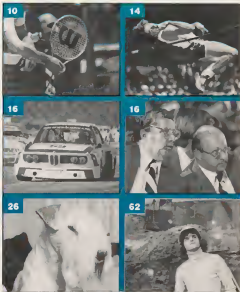
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A GOLDEN STATE is what the Warriors exist in—no fussin', no feudin' and everybody plays. They won the NBA title that way and are rolling to another. Frank Deford explores the phenomenon.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Stories in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* typically are more concerned with success than failure, but occasionally defeat can be fascinating, as in the account on page 57 of *Prince Alfred*, an Australian Six-meter yacht of radically new design, and its loss to a conventional U.S. Six. It is a story with special appeal for Boating Editor Ken Rudeen, who has encountered a frustration or two during his time afloat.

The troubles began shortly after Rudeen, then a landlubber, arrived in New York from the Midwest in 1954 to become one of *SI*'s first staff members. He agreed to help a friend move a Star class boat from near Coney Island to a marina on Long Island Sound. "Just as we got going our outboard motor pulled its makeshift bracket off the transom," Rudeen says. "Then we hooked stays with an adjoining boat and snapped its mast. What with one thing and another, we missed the tide and crept up the East River, where we were stoned by urchins standing on the Manhattan shore. Then we went aground near the narrows called Hell Gate and had to be pulled free by a police launch. Paddling the last mile or so in no wind, we reached the marina in the wee hours of the morning."

Nonetheless, Rudeen was taken by sea and sail, and he bought a half interest in the Star. Soon thereafter a

friend took it out in a bit of a wind and dismasted it.

Meanwhile, Rudeen was launching a considerably more auspicious career at *SI*. He has worked as a reporter and as a writer of hockey, motor sports, football and harness racing stories. For the past 12 years he has been a senior editor, and during that time a variety of subjects have come under his purview. He directed our baseball coverage for the last four seasons, is currently editing hockey and horse racing and late this summer will begin his second tour in charge of college football. But over the last half dozen years, one subject invariably has been his—boating, in all its forms.

"Almost everybody has a tale like my boating story to tell about his introduction to some sport," says Rudeen. "They're commonplace. As boating editor, my aim is to find stories that are not commonplace and that are written by persons shrewd enough not to get stoned in the East River."

He maintains that his progress as a sailor has yet to put him in that category, but he claims kinship with one famous mariner. "Like Joshua Slocum, the first solo circumnavigator, I am a lousy swimmer," Rudeen says.

"All aspiring sailors dream of competing against—and defeating—the big racing names, and I had my chance last fall in an editors' and writers' regatta at the Naval Academy. After having had my dozes blown off in the first race, by some miracle I led the second at the weather mark and might have won except that my mind went blank approaching the jibe mark. A boat coming up fast inside got an overlap on me, and my boat went dead in the water. I finished that race fifth among the nine boats. The guy who came up on me so fast had been over early at the start and had seemed to be in an impossible position, but he won the race. He was Bob Bavier, skipper of the 1964 America's Cup defender, *Constitution*. Well, at least he didn't stone me."



RUDEEN: A SAILOR WITH A ROCKY PAST

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Sack Meyer

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

PHEW, HUGH

Governor Hugh Carey of New York sometimes speaks before he thinks, which may be why he is considered by some as a possible presidential candidate. In late December, for example, Carey announced that Maurice Nadjari, a special prosecutor assigned to root out corruption in New York City's criminal justice system, had been dismissed. Nadjari refused to depart as requested and has stayed on the job to the embarrassment of the governor.

Now Carey has bumbled again, this time in a case of national significance. Last week he told the press that he wants Ogden Reid, his Commissioner of Environmental Conservation, to ease up on two General Electric plants which have been polluting the Hudson River with PCBs, chemical compounds that are poisonous to a wide range of life, including humans (SI, Dec. 1).

Governor Carey's timing could not have been more inappropriate. G.E.'s discharge of PCBs into the river has been the subject of a lengthy inquiry ordered under state law by Reid, who is seeking zero discharge by this September. The governor contends zero discharge might cause the plants to move outside New York State. The decision of the hearing officer, Abraham Sofaer of Columbia University Law School, is expected presently, and the governor's pronouncements are injudicious, to say the least. Moreover, statements by a close aide of the governor and by John Dyson, his Commerce Commissioner, indicate that Carey does not have a glimmer of the issues in the case. Indeed, Dyson recently admitted that he himself was "a little vague" about PCBs.

Reid has refused to bend to Carey's wind. In a brief statement Reid said, "The current hearing concerning discharges of PCBs by the General Electric Company before Professor Abraham Sofaer is an essential part of the judicial process and, as such, the integrity of the hearing process must be fully respected and

will be totally upheld. If Professor Sofaer finds that G.E. has violated the law, the hearings will continue to determine appropriate relief."

A REAL CARD

For baseball-card collectors, the choicest item of all is a head-and-shoulders shot of Honus Wagner put out by Sweet Caporal cigarettes circa 1910. Only about a dozen are known to exist and a single card fetches \$1,000 or more. The story goes that Wagner, an anti-smoker, threatened to sue Sweet Caporal unless the company withdrew the cards from the market.

Now the Wagner to top all Wagners has been discovered in Winston-Salem, N.C. This card, issued by Piedmont cigarettes, shows Wagner in an action pose. No Piedmont Wagner had previously been known. The three owners of the card are Thomas Wickman and Richard Reuss of Manassas, Va., and Bob Rathgeber, director of publications for the Cincinnati Reds. For sometime the three have been in partnership scouring the East for old cards. They discovered the Wagner in a collection of several hundred cards they bought for 40¢ apiece from an antique dealer.

The three were not immediately excited because Caramel Candy Company had put out a card showing Wagner in the same pose, but they flipped when they turned the card over and saw the name Piedmont. The chance existed that a counterfeiter might have skillfully pasted the Caramel Wagner picture on a Piedmont card, but a test by the Library of Congress showed this was not so. The card is now in a safe-deposit box in Washington, and its estimated value is \$3,000.

WOODY UNDER FIRE

Ever since the New Year's Day defeat to UCLA that cost Ohio State the national football championship, Coach Woody Hayes has been acting oddly. A week ago Monday he dismissed Defensive Tackle

Nick Buonamici from the team without saying why. In fact, Hayes did not even tell Buonamici he was dismissed; instead, he told a Columbus sportswriter and then left town on a recruiting trip. "A hit-skip proposition," says one Ohio State observer. "This is no way to handle a situation this serious."

In midweek, Co-captain and Linebacker Ken Kuhn, who happens to be Buonamici's roommate, went public with criticism of Hayes, a rare act for an Ohio State player. Kuhn chided Hayes for his refusal to comment on the loss to UCLA. "I simply can't go along with his cop-out toward the public, fans and even his own players after our bitter Rose Bowl loss," Kuhn is reported to have said. "Hayes has always been a humble winner. But when we lose, he must also be a humble loser. Why should we be subjected to the Hayes silence when we have so many questions that must be answered?"

At week's end, the Ohio State *Lantern*, the student newspaper, said university officials should ask Hayes for his resignation. In a long editorial, the *Lantern* said, "He is embarrassing because his fans have made him a god, and he has begun to believe it."

CHICO AND THE DOG

A Long Island optometrist named Leon Revin says he has developed a training program that will improve the eyesight of athletes. That doesn't mean he expects to get rid of myopia or astigmatism or other structural or pathological conditions.

"Usually, an optometrist deals with abnormalities," he says. "What I have done is take people with normal levels of visual performance and improve the level of visual skill. Seeing is many-faceted. Speed of recognition. Span of recognition. Judgment of depth. Visual acuity. Visual concentration."

To demonstrate what he meant, Revin projected a string of numbers on a bare wall—for 1-100th of a second. "What did you see?" he asked.

"A series of numbers," was the answer.

"What were they?"

"One, two, three . . ."

"Like hell they were," Revin said.

The numbers, projected again, turned out to be a random series, yet Revin said Goalie Glenn (Chico) Resch of the New York Islanders, one of the athletes he had worked with, not only could read the se-

continued

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quence of numbers in 1-100th of a second, he could read them backward, too.

"That's after training," Revin said, explaining that Resch had been working with him for several months, using projectors, multicolor rotators and other aids to learn how to use his eyes more efficiently. "You can't take a kid off the street and make him a major league player, but take five guys of equal ability and give one of them visual training, and he's going to be that much better."

Resch says there is no question in his mind that his visual skills have improved. "I see the puck better," the goalie says. "It has slowed down for me. When a guy shoots a puck at you at 100 mph it's almost a blur. Now I see the puck coming at me. I can't read the label, but I have time to react to it. It's a fraction of a second, but that's a great advantage. The shots don't seem so overpowering."

STOP WATCHING THE CLOCK

For three years the Big Eight played its conference basketball games under an experimental rule calling for the use of a 30-second clock. This season the Big Eight abandoned the experiment, partly because conference teams, their style geared to the clock, found themselves at a disadvantage whenever they competed outside the Big Eight. At the Big Eight tournament last month, game scores averaged 18 points less than in the 1974 tournament, leading many to believe that the 30-second clock led to higher scoring and more exciting play.

Not so, says Bob Hentzen, sports editor of the *Topeka Capital-Journal* and president of the U.S. Basketball Writers Association. At a recent Kansas State-Coronado game Hentzen had an assistant operate a stopwatch. Kansas State's longest possession of the ball was 26 seconds, which occurred once in each half. On nearly 75% of its possessions, Kansas State put the ball up within 10 seconds. Colorado's longest possession was 31 seconds, the only time the old 30-second rule would have been violated. On 70% of its possessions, Colorado shot within 10 seconds.

Of course, what the 30-second clock does is prevent stalling, which is another story and another argument.

THE TWO BEARS

Gale Sayers and Dick Butkus, two of the most famous of the old Chicago Bears, have diametrically opposite an-

swers to the question of whether or not they are bitter because their careers ended prematurely. Sayers, the amazingly graceful running back, suffered cataclysmic knee injuries. Butkus, a powerful, destructive linebacker, had knee damage, too, but his seemed more cumulative, a sort of devastating wearing down.

"I'm not bitter at all," says Sayers. "I got what I wanted out of football. I went back to Kansas and got my degree and I made job contacts. When football was over, I said goodbye and let it go. I try to tell this to juniors and seniors at Kansas who look to pro careers. Half of them don't listen. They see high-heeled shoes and mink coats and the contracts they hope to sign."

Butkus, now a movie actor, says, "I'm very bitter. I should have had surgery sooner." Blaming the Bears for his ultimate condition, Butkus has instituted a suit against the club and the team physician. "I'm supposed to play dead about it, like about 15 other guys have done. Or be bought off. Well, I won't."

Sayers is much the more active now. He plays handball, paddle ball and tennis, and can ski and dance. Butkus is not nearly so mobile. "I tried water skiing," he says. "No good. I tried shooting baskets and the knee blew up."

There is another difference. Sayers says he gets in touch with George Halas, the Bears owner, whenever he visits Chicago. Butkus says, "I remember the day Halas said, '— you! Get a lawyer!' So I got a lawyer, and he and I haven't spoken since."

JOCK INN

North Carolina State has admitted so many students in the past few years that the school is in danger of running out of beds. As a result, dorm officials, who go by the collective bureaucratic name of the Department of Residence Life, recently announced that if there are more students than beds, students will have to take part in a lottery for beds next fall. Returning students will draw for 3,550 beds and freshmen for 2,000.

At first, the athletic department argued that athletes should be given priority. Voted down, the department was not out. It turned to the NCSU Student Aid Association, Inc., commonly known as the Wolfpack Club. Extremely successful at fund-raising, the club gave \$1.5 million for Carter Stadium and \$800,000 for Case Athletic Center. Getting housing

for the athletes proved no problem. The club bought a 126-room motel, the College Inn, for \$1,255,000. "We have done well the last few years," says Warren Carroll, the club director, "and people have been asking what to do with the money. Now we have done something."

Some students have objected to the club's partiality for athletes, but Debbie Beckwith, a senior sociology major, says, "It's a good idea. Most of the jocks are in Bragaw and Sullivan [dormitories], and they should definitely all be put together—off campus."


NO RED HERRING

The passage by the Senate last week of a bill to extend U.S. jurisdiction over fishing to 200 miles off the coasts is a sane measure, even though the Senate version, as opposed to the House bill voted last fall, defers activation to July 1, 1977, instead of this year. We hope that House-Senate conferees who meet next month can agree on this year and we certainly hope that President Ford will sign the bill into law.

The present 12-mile limit is a farce, and American sports and commercial fishing interests suffer heavily as a result. The East Coast continental shelf is one of the richest fishing grounds in the world, but since the early 1960s, when fleets of Soviet trawlers and factory ships began working off Cape Cod, fisheries have taken a battering. Vessels from Poland, East Germany, Rumania, Bulgaria and Spain soon joined in the assault, using a technique called "pulse" fishing, which zeroes in on a particular species until the supply is depleted. Within the space of a few years, the New England stock of sea herring was 10% of normal and haddock fell to 3%.

Passage of the Senate bill last week may have been prompted in part by the recent appearance of more than 100 foreign vessels, mainly Russian and Polish, off Long Island and New Jersey and incidents involving American fishermen. The party boat *Starstream II* out of Freeport, N.Y., anchor light on, whistle blasting, was nearly struck by a trawler which tore off an anchor line. In another instance Ron Onorato, out alone, had to cut both his fishing and anchor lines when foreign trawlers headed toward his boat. A call to the Coast Guard brought no action since Onorato was 14 miles out in what may soon no longer be a "no man's land."

END

A photograph of two men in a bowling alley. The man on the left, wearing an orange polo shirt and dark pants, is smiling and holding a lit cigarette. The man on the right, wearing a red polo shirt and glasses, has his arm around the first man's shoulder. In the background, bowling lanes and pins are visible.

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 9, 1976

NEW SPIRIT FOR '76



A color photograph of tennis player Jimmy Connors. He is shown from the chest up, leaning forward with his head down and a focused expression. He has short, dark hair and is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt. He is holding a tennis racket with a wooden head and a dark frame. The background is blurred, showing a crowd of spectators in a stadium setting.

Jimmy Connors rang in the Bicentennial year in Philly with a changed image—"from awful to fair," he says—and a bell-clanging victory

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

CONTINUED



Borg was knocked out by Gentleman Jimbo.

Red, white and blue Liberty Bell dishware being all the rage, it was terribly fitting that when Jimmy Connors, that Yankee Doodle Dandy, finally won a tennis tournament the other day, he chose to do so in Philadelphia. It took place at the U.S. Pro Indoor Championships and was Connors' first important victory in what seems like, oh, maybe 200 years. Bicentennial madness strikes again.

When Connors got through demolishing what may have been the strongest field anybody will see until Wimbledon, it was clear that reports of his demise in a Las Vegas buccarat den were exaggerated. Look out, Arthur, Newk, Guillermo and Jack Ford. As Jimbo himself likes to put it, "The kid is back."

Of course, this is not the old Jimmy Connors who is back. Not the old screaming, pouting, gesturing Connors who was last seen losing in the finals of five major tournaments, including Wimbledon and Forest Hills; losing the deciding match in the Davis Cup meeting with Mexico; losing to the likes of people named Adriano Panatta. No. This is the new Connors. Polite, kind, respectful, chipper, able to leap tall questions in a single bound ("Is it tough playing against lefthanders, Jimmy?" "Yeah, it's like playing me. I'd hate to play me!"). He seems much more relaxed and finally at peace with himself as well as with the world. The funny thing is, this

new Connors looks like the real thing.

After he defeated the infant Swede, Bjorn Borg, in the finals, dashing from 2-5 and two breaks behind to win a tie-breaker first set 7-6, then running out the match over his discouraged opponent 6-4, 6-0, Connors said, "It's like the Christians and the lions down there, but I'm saying to myself, 'Be nice, be nice.' I'm changing my image. To what? How about from awful to fair?"

Throughout the days of his impressive victories over Dennis Ralston, Stan Smith, Rod Laver and Dick Stockton on the way to the finals, Connors managed to mix with the players, mingle with the media, cooperate with the officials, amuse the galleries and absolutely stan everybody with some estimable behavior that actually smacked of grace. If a baby had toddled forth, he would have kissed it, if a yarmulke had appeared, he would have worn it. Connors insisted, however, that he was staying out of the early primaries.

The champion's explanation for the apparent change was a rather succinct "I don't have anything to prove anymore." But others read more into it.

"We all grow up," said Ralston, who has had experience with that as well as with some volatile differences with Jimbo. "Connors always had the wrong advice. He's on his own now, getting back with the real players. He's learning it's easier to be liked than hated."

"It's brutal being alone out here," said Erik van Dillen. "Jimmy found out the wins are more fun when you can share them."

Connors has split with his former manager, Bill Riordan, and has toned down his unholy alliance with the vampire prince, like Nastase. As one result, Jimmy was the picture of stability in Philadelphia.

"I'm serious from now on," he said early in the week. "What kind of an ass stays out till 3 a.m. the night before the Wimbledon finals? I did that all over Europe. Hanging around with Nastase, chasing, messing up. I was still making it to finals that way. But I want more. This is a new commitment. I play and then go home. Nothing but tennis."

Certainly Connors' prize performances on the court verified this attitude. His work always has conjured up images of the fight game, with Connors as a bob-haired Marciano, the opponent a helpless punching bag. And so it was last

week. There was Jimbo's relentless body-punching, occasional swipes at the head—his whacking, pounding, thudding blows. You can hear Jimmy Connors winning a tennis match.

After his come-from-behind 4-6, 6-1, 6-3 victory over Smith, Connors said, "I've been working hard. I'm confident I can hit anything." After his clean, notably passionless 6-3, 6-4 dismantling of Laver, he said, "I came out charging. I expect to play like that, 100%, every time. But then, I'm not normal." After the tournament he scoffed at any motivational problems. "Did I look like I didn't want it?" he said. "When I lose the desire, you'll know it. I'll get out."

Under the auspices of the tournament promoters, Ed and Marilyn Fernberger, Philadelphia has become the very best event on the indoor circuit on the strength of its field alone. It's not exactly that the players love the place. In fact, many of them hate it—the weather, the early-year time slot, the cramped conditions (play is simultaneous on side-by-side courts up to the semifinals) adding to the general urban awfulness. As the beauteous Lailee van Dillen said, "There's nothing to do in Philadelphia but look at the Bell and get attacked."

What happens is WCT makes all its players show up (well, almost all), and that, in turn, makes for the toughest draw this side of Wimbledon. Some say even tougher because there are no first-round passes. Only John Newcombe, Ken Rosewall, Manuel Orantes and Guillermo Vilas among the top-ranked racket heavies failed to appear in Philly.

The balance of the draw was revealed early when Roscoe Tanner, the sixth seed, lost right away to Stockton, who is good enough to get to most semifinals, which he then proceeded to do. Mexico's Raul Ramirez also went out in the first round, but then the Davis Cup hero always seems puzzled any time he gets out of shouting distance of an enchilada stand.

The old backer, Fred Stolle, even got into the act by almost taking the head off Arthur Ashe. The world's No. 1 finally prevailed in three sets, but conceded that his continent-trotting schedule had at last gotten the best of him. "I'll catch up on sleep by Sunday," Ashe said, "but then I might not be in the tournament by Sunday."

Ashe had been unbeaten this year while winning more than \$50,000 from

Columbus to Hawaii during January and looking as if he would never lose again. But when he came up against his old pal Tom Gorman in the third round, he was meeting a player as hot as he was—and considerably less wary.

Gorman explained the phenomenon of Ashe's streak at the same time that he sounded confident of stopping it. "Every guy out here has played really well at one time or another and nobody really can pinpoint why they start or stop," he said. "It's just that Arthur is continuing to play brilliantly. Maybe it's the way he's reacting to it. Winning becomes a habit. All I know is I'm going good. I think I can get him."

While he spent many weeks losing, Gorman achieved some notoriety by endorsing a jockstrap and rating the popcorn at different tour sites. (Philadelphia, he says, is "dead last—soggy, old, mushy.") But against Ashe he had his mind on the king rather than the kernels.

Gorman won the first set 6-3 with Ashe appearing to be hardly interested. But then they started slugging and Ashe took the second set by an identical score. The key point came in the third set with Gorman up a break at 4-2 and Ashe threatening to break back at 15-40. Tentative now, Gorman chipped short, but Ashe's backhand down the line was out by a hair. Ashe blew two other break points then lost the game and the match 6-3, 3-6, 6-3.

"I'm taking this off," Ashe said later, removing a numbered bauble that hung on a gold chain around his neck. "I'm no longer No. 1."

"I don't mean to sound heavy," said Gorman, "but at this crossroads of my life, this was a terrific 'opportunity' match."

Gorman failed to take advantage of the opportunity when he lost to Stockton in the quarters, but everybody agreed it was nice to see the Irishman's game not soggy, old and mushy anymore.

The top half of the draw featured Borg and the always-lovable Nastase, who is acting more and more like a man without a cage. Fresh from Baltimore, where he allegedly uttered some anti-Semitic remarks, Nastase refused to talk to the press after his first match, saying, "You going in ground, I going in ground, we all going in ground. What it matters?" Then Nastase took part in a hilarious match with the young hot dog, Billy Martin that should have been staged

in a looney bin, or by members of it.

Aware of the way in which Nastase terrorizes linesmen, Martin tried some intimidation of his own. First, the Rumanian would stall, stare and storm at the officials, then Martin would rage over line calls. Oh, it was great fun until Nastase drop-kicked his racket into the adjoining court where Laver was in the process of defeating Ross Case.

"It wasn't the racket that was so bad," Laver said later in a rare burst of anger. "It was his language. He should get some kind of suspension or expulsion. Whatever he gets won't be enough."

What Nastase got was the flu. He humiliated Martin in the press room by

dueling Laver for the third time stirred up considerably more excitement than the match would deliver. The combatants came on in the middle of the Friday night session as Stockton was beating Gorman on the next court. And they finished while Okker was disposing of Fast Eddie Dibbs in the same place.

"Sure it was distracting," said Stockton. "Thirteen thousand people tore down the house when Rocket and Jimmy came out. I think my wife even watched them instead of me."

In truth, Laver was in the match only briefly. He had been beaten by Connors on the fast stuff at Caesars Palace and on the slow clay of Conway, N. H., and this time he was beaten on a Supreme Court surface, the speed of which is somewhere in between. After losing the first set 6-3, Laver was serving with a lead of 4-2, 15-love in the second when the two played a point that signified the direction in which their careers are going.

Poised for an overhead smash, the 37-year-old Laver pounded the ball deep into Connors' backhand corner, bouncing it high toward the spectator seats in the general direction of Independence Square. But Connors took off on the run. He kept running and running until, right before he crashed into the barrier, he got his racket on the ball enough to send a spectacular lob all the way back to Laver's base line. The Rocket smashed the ball deep, but out. Connors went on to win the next four games and the match.

"I thought I had the ball in the stands. It was a great get," Laver said afterward. "I have to put Jimmy right in there with the greatest."

"Maybe I wish Rod was 25 again," Connors responded. "It probably isn't fair, him having to get up every morning to play another match. God knows, it's tough on me and I'm only 23. I only hope when I'm his age the crowd will treat me like they treat Rod Laver."

It is hard to imagine those words coming from the old Connors we used to know and hate. An even better indication of the new model occurred a night earlier, after Connors had lost the first set of his match with Stan Smith.

As he came to the sideline, Jimbo clenched his fist and muttered, "If you're gonna lose, lose like a man, dammit. Lose like a man." But he has always lost like a man. As everybody found out in Philadelphia, Jimmy Connors finally has learned to win like a man, too. **END**



Ashe got himself needed rest—by losing.

snapping at him, "You not sitting in here with me. You win Forest Hills, you can act like me." Then Nastase quit the tournament, claiming he was "sick with fire."

Nobody rushed to call a doctor.

Following Nastase's default, everybody checked his neck for teeth marks and Borg was left to breeze into the finals against Connors. Bjorn whipped through Ismail El Shafel, Mark Cox, Jan Kodes and Tom Okker in straight sets, accompanied by that marvelous topspin forehand and that wonderfully insouciant philosophy.

"I just like to smash the ball and watch it fly over the net," Borg said.

Meanwhile, the anticipation of Con-

REMEMBER, THIS IS LEAP YEAR

Tom Woods was the class of a classy field at New York's Millrose Games

by PAT PUTNAM

By the time they got around to the final shoot-out in the high jump early last Saturday morning at Madison Square Garden, the bulk of the record crowd of 18,142 had long since departed, the workmen were complaining because they had been forced into overtime by three lanky giants and a long-legged midget, and some loudmouth in the upper reaches of the seats was screaming, "Hey, Stones, you're a bum. Fall down, you bum." To which a burly cop on temporary duty as a Millrose Games spectator roared back, "Shut up, you idiot, or go home."

Always it has been like this for Dwight Stones, the cocky world-record holder (7'6½" outdoors, 7'5¼" indoors) and Olympic bronze medalist, who has been known to review his many accomplish-

ments with the aid of a megaphone, and thus has alienated almost everyone, especially his peers. As Tom Woods, who would win this time, said, "He's cocky and sometimes he says things that bother me. If there's one individual I like to beat more than anyone else, it's Dwight."

The Millrose people had brought in a whole army of world-class jumpers to compete against Stones. There was the 6'4" Woods, of course, who has done 7'5½" outdoors and was ranked No. 2 in the world last year behind Stones. That pair met 10 times in Europe last summer, and each won five times. The French sent over Paul Poanawa, their 6-foot straddler from New Caledonia, who has soared 7'5". Then there were Pat Matzdorf, the former world-record holder with a 7'6¼" best; Rory Kotinek (7'4"), Bill Jankunis (7'4") and little Ron Livers, who had just jumped a 7'4¼", which is 20 inches over his head. Plus Dennis Adama (7'3") of the University of Chicago Track Club, the only other straddler in the field and a man known to inspire Stones with his verbal barbs.

"I think I had better lighten up my pre-meet meal," said Stones at lunch in the coffee shop of his hotel. He ordered a hot roast beef sandwich and a cheeseburger.

"Both for you?" asked the waiter.

"Yeah, and two milks and dessert."

"What would you like for dessert?"

"A bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich."

That done, Stones, who is 22 and at-

tends Long Beach State, began to assay his own personality, which, he says, has improved considerably the last two years. "I should have won the gold medal at Munich, but I'm glad now that I only came in third," he said. "I was hard enough to live with as the bronze medalist. With the gold, I would have been impossible. There would have been no shutting me up. I never would have realized what a buffoon I was."

Not far away, in a lounge two floors above where Stones was eating, Woods, who had elected to have stew as his pre-meet meal, was beginning to feel nauseous. He was afraid it might be the stomach virus that had hit some of his Pacific Coast Club teammates. He had been the United States' prime high jumper in 1972 but had injured a knee two weeks before the Olympic Trials.

"That disappointment changed my whole outlook," said the 22-year-old Oregon State senior. "When I went to college I wanted to play basketball but they convinced me to concentrate everything on the Olympics. I sacrificed a lot of things. Then I looked at the results and realized what I had given up. For what? I was really let down. I swore then I'd never let that happen again. Now I want to do my best, but I'm not sacrificing all the other things to do it."

"Still, I want to beat Dwight and break his record. We're friends, but he does get on my nerves. He's got an outward emotional personality. He has to voice his confidence to believe it. Most people

By clearing a meet-record 7'4¼", Woods (left) defeated Rory Kotinek (center), his Pacific Coast Club teammate, and,



have an inner confidence and don't have to talk about it. Also, he equates everything in life to track and field. He doesn't have any other interests. Except his groupies."

With that, Woods decided he had better hurry to his room, hoping that rest would resettle the stew. And Stones went off in search of Poaniewa, who had instantly disliked New York City but had found almost hourly solace in McDonald's hamburgers. "When he sees how they have the high-jump pit set up," Stones said, "he won't be able to eat for a week. The pit is set up for floppers. Straddlers will have to make their way out of a tunnel and across the track. But there's only two straddlers, Poaniewa and Adama, who is a nice guy but bitch-es a lot. And Poaniewa can't speak English, which won't hurt."

The high jumpers, usually the last to start competition, had hoped to begin by 9:30, but as it turned out they were delayed an hour and by then the meet was nearly over. Almost two hours earlier, Houston McTear, the 18-year-old high school streak from Milligan, Fla., had laughed his way through a strong 60-yard field, which included Olympian Hasely Crawford, and won in 5.9, a tick off the world record.

After that, Rick Wohlhuter won the 880 (in 1:52) as expected, Jan Merrill, from obscurity and Connecticut, upset newlywed Francie Larrieu in the women's 1,500 (in a Garden-record 4:15.2) and slight, bespectacled Paul Cummings,

running alone and a ton of yards in front of favored Tony Waldrop, took the mile in 3:57.6, which is faster than anybody else has run it indoors this season. Cummings said he had to hurry because he felt sick halfway through the race.

While awaiting their turn, the high jumpers watched their female counterparts perform, and that event lasted longer than usual because of an outstanding effort by Joni Huntley, the American-record holder from Oregon State, who won with a leap of 6'2 $\frac{1}{4}$ ", below her indoor record.

Then the bar went up to 6'8", and the men went to work. By the time they reached 7'2", only seven jumpers were left, none of them straddlers. Matzdorf, who has had trouble finding a place to train, went out at 6'10".

The bar went up to 7'3 $\frac{1}{4}$ " and Jankunis went out. Kotinek, a UCLA senior, made it on his first try, breaking a Millrose record set by John Thomas 12 years earlier. Woods cleared the bar on his first attempt, too. Now it was Stones' turn.

"By then we were all starting to get pretty tired, and we were all hoping one of us would beat Stones," Kotinek would say later. "We just don't dig his act anymore."

Stones sailed over on his first try, and a few minutes later, little Livers, after two misses, made it a group of four.

"People say they don't know how he does it, but look at him," said Woods, gazing at Livers, who is 5'8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". "Look at his center mass, which is what you have

to lift. He has such long legs, his center mass is only an inch below mine and Stones'. The mystery is a lot of ball."

Up went the bar to 7'4 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". On his second attempt, Woods flopped over, leaving the bar rocking but in place. Livers was the first to go out. Under the circumstances, he had done extraordinarily well. The only contestant to begin his approach from the left, the quiet little man from Norristown, Pa., also a world-class triple jumper, was forced to begin his approach from the top of the banked track. His first three steps were downhill.

Kotinek was the next to go out. Then Stones failed. "Losing won't get me bent out of shape," he said. "I know what kind of shape I'm not in. But I do want to go for the same height at the L.A. Times meet next week. That would be a collegiate indoor record [Woods has passed up his collegiate eligibility] and I'm kind of hot on records. I like to get my name in the book as often as possible. After that I want to win the NCAAAs indoors and outdoors, then the gold medal. That will be about everything."

Woods had the officials raise the bar to 7'6", a quarter of an inch beyond Stones' indoor world record. On his first two jumps he barely missed; his third was a wipeout. It was 1:12 a.m.

"Wow, that was too close," said Stones. "He just missed those first two. I've got to move that record up some. But if he had broken it, I had made up my mind to be the first to shake his hand."

END

more gratifyingly, Dwight Stones, the irreplaceable world-record holder, neither of whom jumped higher than 7'3 $\frac{1}{4}$ ".



GAS PAINS STRIKE AT DAYTONA



First BMW driver Peter Gregg complained of food poisoning, but the real agony for his victorious team was the discovery of mysteriously watered fuel

by ROBERT F. JONES

In motor sports, as in zoology, there are "splitters" and there are "lumpers." The splitters demand separate races for every type of car, whether open-wheeled Indy or formula racers, closed grand-touring or stock cars, and so on and on and on. The lumpers, by contrast, like to ponder what would happen if the greatest possible variety of racing machinery were to run on the same track at the same time. Last weekend at Daytona the lumpers had their way—and took their lumps.

The occasion was the 24 Hours of Daytona, America's premier endurance contest. Some people call it "the annual race of the century," because it seems to drone on that long, but at 9 a.m. last Sunday, with cars spluttering and coughing to a stop everywhere and their weary drivers—the only members of a team permitted to make on-course repairs—lugging heavy gas cans through the infield, there was some suspicion that this also would

be the first automobile race in history to be decided on foot. The intention had been to give this year's endurance trial a new look, but this was a little more than anyone had bargained for.

The reason for the revitalization of the race was that in recent years, with the absence of those sleek and costly European prototypes that used to compete on Daytona's 3.84-mile road course for points in the "world manufacturers' championship," the race had lost its luster, becoming a bantamweight slugfest among grand-touring cars. The last two outings were won by racing versions of the Porsche Carrera driven by a couple of Jacksonville worthies named Peter Gregg and Hurley Haywood.

So in an effort to breathe life into the event, NASCAR czar Bill France introduced a whole new class of cars to the competition—the Grand Internationals. If you squinted a bit, you could see that the hastily prepared GIs were nothing

more than a collection of monsters out of the NASCAR late-model sportsman ranks, stock cars tricked out for their new role with headlights and outsized gas tanks. This should have been a lumpers' dream come true—big-engined American stock cars locking bumpers with their German-made road-racing equivalents. It didn't quite work out that way, but even after the road racers had asserted their superiority, ennuï was staved off by intimations of sabotage.

In addition to the Porsches, a squadron of German BMWs was on hand to test the big stockers' mettle. Also present were Datsuns, Mazdas, Corvettes and even a diminutive Honda Civic—fully 18 varieties of cars in the 72-car field. The Grand International class, seven cars strong, included some of the top names in NASCAR racing. David Pearson was on hand with a Ford Torino and his 22-year-old son Larry as co-driver. Hershel McGriff, the 48-year-old lumber baron from Bridal Veil, Ore. (pop. 150) and his 19-year-old son Doug shared a Nova. The Alabama Gang, Bobby and Donnie Allison, showed up in a tough Chevy

Despite its smaller engine, the winning BMW ran away from the stock cars and Corvettes.

Nova. Buddy Baker, in a Dodge Dart, had added his considerable presence to the proceedings. All those big names—plus a dash of good weather in an otherwise frigid Florida winter—served Bill France's purpose nicely. A crowd of some 25,000 turned out, even though it was clear from the start that the Grand Internationals were not quite ready for serious road racing.

The best any stocker could do in qualifying was Bobby Allison's 13th place on the starting grid. He had cranked his Nova around the nine-turn course at 113.09 mph, more than 5 mph slower than pole-winner Brian Redman in one of the three factory BMWs. Redman, the Briton who has won the Formula 5000 championship the past two years, was teamed with Gregg, who had jumped from Porsche. Englishman David Hobbs was teamed in the second-fastest car, another BMW, with NASCAR's Benny Parsons, last year's Daytona 500 victor. The fastest Porsche Carrera on the grid was driven by Al Holbert of Warrington, Pa., who last year won six Camel GT races, and Claude Ballot-Lena, of Paris. It had qualified fifth.

Still, qualifying is perhaps the least important part of a race that runs, even if intermittently in this case, twice around the clock. When the green flag flapped at 3 p.m. Saturday for the start, the Gregg-Redman BMW leaped to the lead, pressed only by a flying wedge of metal and fiber glass roughly identifiable as a Corvette and driven by John Greenwood. "Vette fanciers hollered themselves hoarse for an hour as Greenwood alternated in the lead with Gregg, but a ring and pinion gear failure brought the Corvette into the pits for a costly 24-lap repair job. Meanwhile, David Pearson was warming hearts with a hell-for-naughty charge from the midst of the pack to as high as ninth place. The big red and white Purlator Ford Torino, with its guttural 488 cu. in. engine roaring, seemed to gobble up the lesser machines in its path. For one moment, on the infield road portion of the course, it looked as if Pearson's car had literally swallowed the Honda Civic and then fired it out its exhaust stacks. But the stockers ultimate-

ly paid the price of their greater weight and power, having to replace brake pads at twice the rate of their smaller cousins, and refueling more frequently as well. No way they could keep up, but if only they could last the full 24 hours, then perhaps there was a future for the breed on road courses everywhere—even Le Mans.

Indeed, three of the stockers, led handily by Pearson, managed to finish the 24-hour grind, a success ratio as good as that of any other car category. But fascination with the success of the new GIs paled against the drama of what came to be known as "Daytona's fuel crisis."

At 9 a.m., the leading BMW plitted with a 16-lap lead, its crew routinely topped off the fuel tank with fresh gasoline, and Redman rolled down the pit road—and stalled. The other two factory BMWs also refueled and also choked out. Gregg, having quickly recovered from a case of food poisoning that had brought him in for an unscheduled pit stop as dawn broke, was running about madly in fear of losing the almost certain victory that lay ahead. Mechanics diagnosed the troubles as water in the gasoline. The No. 43 Carrera of Miami's John Graves also succumbed to wet gas. And during the hour and 10 minutes the BMWs were being wet-nursed, the Porsches of Holbert and Haywood closed the gap to be on the same lap as the Gregg-Redman car.

When it became clear that the gas was at fault, not the cars, officials wisely and fairly black-flagged the race, allowing the teams time to purge their fuel systems, and set the clock back to 9 a.m. when the spoiled gasoline had first had its effect. That re-established Gregg and Redman's 16-lap cushion.

How had the gas flap happened? The 104-octane fuel, pumped fresh during the race weekend into the trackside station, was checked and found to be untainted. Then the tank truck that delivers fuel to the pits was examined; one of its three compartments revealed emulsified water—water that had not been in there long enough to have sunk, with its greater specific gravity, to the tank's bottom. Though eight men watch over the station and the truck at all times, the possibility of sabotage could not be ruled out; indeed, it seemed the logical explanation. Union Oil officials quickly im-

pounded the gas truck and began an investigation. Meanwhile, a truckload of fresh gas came zooming down from Jacksonville, pedal to the metal, probably setting a new speed record for I-95.

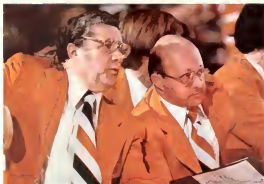
The race resumed shortly before 1 p.m. and the Gregg-Redman car, running on only five of its six cylinders now, gingerly retained its lead. A rainstorm that sloshed in complicated conditions but not the inevitable finish. When the checkered flag fell on schedule, two hours after the unusual command of "Gentlemen, restart your engines," Peter Gregg had become the first driver ever to share three victories in the 24 Hours of Daytona. He and Redman covered 545 laps—2,092.8 miles, at an average speed of 104.04 mph, exclusive of the prolonged fuel crisis-provoked pit stop—and in the process won nearly \$20,000.

More important, the race demonstrated the potential of the Grand International cars as road racers and with it the worth of the bumper philosophy: sure, let everyone race, the more the merrier—and the hairier.

END

All racing stopped when the fuel got fouled.





Coaches Ray Mears and Stu Aberdeen have junked balanced scoring for the star system.

IT'S THE BERNIE AND ERNIE SHOW

New Yorkers King and Grunfeld, the country's most dazzling scoring combo, have upstaged Tennessee's SEC foes with their shooting and shenanigans

by BARRY McDERMOTT

The Southeastern Conference used to be a nice, tranquil place where Adolph Rupp could win every year and still get the tobacco crop in and no one could find Auburn. Now the University of Tennessee is giving the rest of the SEC migration headaches with a pair of high-scoring New Yorkers named Bernard King and Ernie Grunfeld. Rival coaches have been so stirred up by this Yankee invasion that they have accused King, a black from Brooklyn, and Grunfeld, a Jew from Rumania via Queens, of cheating on their free throws, mugging unsuspecting forwards, flunking arithmetic and putting sprigs of chicanery in the mint juleps. Only in Knoxville are the outlanders the Big Apples of anyone's eye. That is understandable because King and Grunfeld have combined to score 51 points a game and lead the Volunteers to the top of their league, all the while sneering at the old maxim that basketball is a five-man game.

Last weekend at Tennessee's Stokely Athletic Center even refugees from the Grand Ole Opry were slapping palms like

the slick dudes back on 125th Street as the Volunteers used their one-two punch to knock out Alabama 80-74 and take sole possession of first place in the SEC with a 7-1 league record. King had 37 points and wore out his larynx yelling impudences at the 'Bama players. Grunfeld scored 20.

It was a typical performance for the Tennessee twosome, whose contrasting playing styles invariably end up with the same results—plenty of baskets. King teases opponents with his lightning-fast, in-your-face jumper, Grunfeld repeatedly bangs them over the head with his bruising drives. King leads the league in scoring (26.8 points per game), while Grunfeld is second with 24.3. Both are among the nation's top 10 scorers—King is seventh, Grunfeld ninth—and if they stay that way it will be only the second time a team has had two in that category. In 1957 Mississippi State's Jim Ashmore and Bailey Howell finished sixth and ninth. Coaches usually pontificate about the value of balanced scoring, but, understandably, not Tennessee

Coach Ray Mears, who admits, "We have a star system." His unorthodox strategy has led the Vols to some celestial heights—they have a 14-2 overall record and a No. 9 national ranking.

And it is a system other coaches would like to shoot down. Someone sent a letter to the NCAA last year suggesting that a review of King's high school transcript would show that he had not had the minimum grades required to be eligible for college competition as a freshman. Tennessee fans suspected the letter had a Lexington, Ky. postmark. Last month Kentucky Coach Joe Hall called it a "premeditated conspiracy" when Grunfeld



swished some free throws that should have been taken by teammates during a game against the Wildcats. And Auburn Coach Bob Davis fumed recently that King has "no class."

Tennessee denies most of the charges and winks at others. The Vols sent two representatives to New York last season to study King's academic record, which is like asking Yasir Arafat to check into the PLO. They convinced the NCAA that King's transcript met all the requirements, but during the investigation he missed a key game. In the fuss Tennessee lost three straight and its chances for the league title.

Last week Mears passed out excerpts from Davis' book, *Aggressive Basketball*, as a way of suggesting that the Auburn coach encourages violent play, ran a game film that showed an Auburn player sucker-punching King and did everything but display an affidavit from Emily Post attesting that King does not slurp his soup. Mears admits that Grunfeld should not have shot the free throws that helped beat Kentucky, but compares that ploy to standing on your man's foot when he is trying to rebound or juggling pocket change when a golf opponent is putting. "When Kentucky lost to us at their place, the coach needed an excuse," says

continued



Short and slender for a post man, King uses his quickness to fire an in-your-face jumper.

An unabashed basher at 235 pounds, Grunfeld scores most of his 24.2 per game by driving.

Grunfeld, who has had to contend with chants of "Ernie cheats" at away games since the free-throw incident. "I'm his excuse," Mearns whines. DePaul Coach Ray Meyer, voluntarily testifying on behalf of the Volunteers, said that Kentucky pulled the same trick on his team a few years ago—and won the game because of it.

More intriguing than all the charges launched at the New Yorkers is the question: What are King and Grunfeld doing at Tennessee, anyway? Knoxville is a nice enough town, but its size and remoteness would hardly seem to appeal to New York basketball players, whose faraway dreams are usually of places like California and Hawaii.

Both Grunfeld and King were recruited by Executive Coach Stu Aberdeen, a dwarfish man who would have trouble going one-on-one with Tom Thumb. Aberdeen is not merely an assiduous recruiter; he is so energetic and attentive to detail that one acquaintance describes him as having the metabolism of a hummingbird. In one two-month stretch three years ago he spent 50 days in New York pursuing Grunfeld. King had never heard of Tennessee, but when he was finally persuaded to visit Knoxville, the town had a "Bernard King Day." That was mighty impressive to a youngster who never had eaten an English muffin or put a Windsor knot in a tie.

But the clincher that made Grunfeld sign on two years ago and King last season was Mearns. He promised them each a running game and a chance to start immediately, and he even hinted at the star system that would keep their scoring averages high. It has worked out just that way. King led the SEC in scoring as a freshman, and Grunfeld has played on so many international teams that he can make change in five different currencies. Now they both are unstinting in their praise of Knoxville, its people, Mearns and his program. "When I go back to New York I feel like an alien," says King. "New York people are guarded, they're out for themselves. Even in Knoxville it's just the opposite."

Their home city and their penchant for scoring are just about all King and Grunfeld have in common. King grew up in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn, an indigent enclave a few blocks from the Navy Yard. Grunfeld lived his first nine

years in Rumania, before his family emigrated because of anti-Semitism. They considered moving to Israel, but decided on New York, where they live in Forest Hills, an upper-middle-class area. Grunfeld's father operates a fabric store in a bleak section of the Bronx.

King and Grunfeld also are dissimilar on the court, in both playing styles and manner. King, 6'7", is thin and lithe with explosive quickness. His extraordinarily accurate jump shot—he has a .604 shooting percentage—is launched with an unorthodox motion that allows him to release the ball in the same microsecond in which he catches it. And he is one of the finest skinny rebounders ever; his average of 13.4 is ninth best in the country. Off the floor and at practice he is so quiet that when he talks it is startling, like hearing a gentle dog bark for the first time. But during games King has an almost manic brashness, racing around to exhort his teammates, applauding wildly and pumping his arms up and down after each good play. Even more disturbing to opponents is his habit of making a good move, then running up to his befuddled defender and yelling at him. The tactic is not in the best tradition of sportsmanship, but it seems to work. Against Alabama, King's enthusiasm and indefatigable performance were infectious, and no doubt greatly responsible for Tennessee's beating a team that seems to have more overall talent.

King comes from a family that includes five sons and a daughter. All of the boys are talented basketball players—one of them, Albert, is considered among the best dozen high school performers in the country, although he is only a junior. "He'll be better than me when he gets to my stage, but right now he isn't," says Bernard. King's parents saw him play only three times while he was in high school and have watched him only once in college, because they are more concerned with the problems of day-to-day survival. They live in a low-income housing project that is rife with crime and poverty. King's father, Thomas, is a caretaker-guard there. "His salary really isn't enough to take care of six kids, but he does his best," says King. "It helped us to have enough time for basketball. The game has meant a lot to our family. It's kept us close."

King dabbles in writing poetry, but on

the court the bard can turn bad. "He does have a mean streak in him," Mearns says. "He doesn't like to be shown up." Not even by his teammates. After a recent scrimmage in which King's team lost by a point, he sulked for 20 minutes.

Grunfeld is as thick as King is thin. He is 6'6", 225 pounds and has massive legs. Because of his heavy thighs, he has to buy pants three inches too big around the waist, which then have to be taken in. And though he is not the team captain, his gregarious nature and charm make him the Vols' leader.

Grunfeld is as confident as he is rugged. When he was recruited the coaches showed him the team training room. "I don't want to see this," he said. "I never get hurt and I never get tired." As a freshman he averaged 17.4 points a game, but his self-assurance was denied last year when he broke his wrist in a preseason scrimmage against Western Kentucky and missed six games. It was in that scrimmage that King provided a glimpse of the future by making 23 of 24 floor shots. He then scored 42 points in his first game as a Volunteer. King averaged 26.4 that season (Grunfeld came back to score 23.8), then had a minor knee operation during the off-season. "Now I'm faster and stronger," King says.

There is not a hint of jealousy between King and Grunfeld. "People probably think we don't get along, but we're good friends," says King.

"I know if I get open on a cut, Bernard will pass up an 80% shot to get the ball to me," says Grunfeld.

Getting along with each other is easy compared to adjusting to Mearns' brand of tact discipline and super organization. Typical of his myriad regulations is one that requires the players to leave their shoes in a certain place in their dressing room—with the tongue and laces in precise positions. The only slipup a visitor could detect last week at Tennessee was in the press guide. It says that Mearns has the highest winning percentage (.743) in the country, when actually Jerry Tarkanian of Nevada-Las Vegas has a better coaching record, although he has not been around as long as Mearns has. "I kind of like the discipline and rules," says King. "You learn the game in New York, but you never learn the fundamentals. The coaches here are smart."

Smart enough to let their best players

continued

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have most of the shots. King usually is matched up inside against taller men, but Mears says, "There hasn't been a guy big enough to stop him yet." Alabama's 6'9" Rickey Brown tried and fouled out. He had fair success against King in the first half, blocking several of his shots and holding him to 14 points, but King scored 23 in the second half and finished with 18 rebounds, even though Alabama tried everything but handcuffs to prevent him from getting the ball inside.

Junior Mike Jackson, another New Yorker who is the Volunteers' third-leading scorer, is under orders to get the ball to King whenever he can. "Why not? It's an automatic two," says Jackson. When King gets the pass, opponents must feel as if they just heard the click of a thermostat. They know that the heat is coming on. "Quickness will always win," Jackson says. "How can the defense block the shot when the ball is already in the basket?"

Grunfeld, the only member of the Vols who is allowed to think "me first, King second," is just as effective. Pro scouts rate him equal—or perhaps superior—to King, because he is so rugged. His father insists that Grunfeld not take a summer job so that he can work on refining his basketball skills. The son repays his dad with diligence. Grunfeld was a 58' free-throw shooter in high school. As a Tennessee freshman he made 73', and last year he hit 81' after wearing out countless nets while practicing.

Both King and Grunfeld shrug off the charges that they are less than sportsmanlike. "Everybody is against us," says Grunfeld. "We always seem to have some kind of adversity, some mountain to climb. It just makes us closer. Take Bernard as an example. The way they guard him he takes a lot of elbows. No one ever says anything about what he takes, but if he gives an elbow, then he's a dirty player."

Grunfeld's best friend is Jerry Finestone, a reserve guard with the Vols. They grew up together in Queens, and Finestone transferred to Tennessee to be with his buddy. "I thought New York was the worst," he says, "but you've never seen hate unless you've seen the SEC."

"Hate, that's exactly the right word for it," adds Grunfeld. "You can almost feel the hate."

Except in Knoxville, where love is

more like it. Finestone and Grunfeld regularly engage in cheerful banter using exaggerated New York accents, and with good reason.

"The girls just love to hear us talk," says Finestone.

"They think it's cute," says Grunfeld.

Mears is determined that his stars stay happy, even if all the coeds transfer to Alabama. He has installed a jukebox in the shower room, cardboard cutouts of the players in the arena lobby and an elaborate dressing cubicle for each player that contains a framed picture of the athlete and his name engraved on a brass plate in the shape of the state of Tennessee. There is also a caste system. The Vols' starters sit on special chairs at practice and team meetings and receive other deferential treatment.

Mears also is hooked on symbols and slogans. He wears a tie with little pictures of Laurel and Hardy on it, and he keeps a photo of General Patton in the locker room. He wears so many lapel pins that he looks like a Latin American dictator. One is for scoring, another is for ball handling, a third is for motivation. Mears paints everything from the basketball floor to the garbage cans bright Tennessee orange. Seeking every conceivable advantage over his opponents, he even uses a football-type spotting system. An assistant coach views Volunteers' home games from the press box and then calls down suggestions via a telephone line, one end of which is located near the end of the Vols' bench.

For Alabama, which had beaten the Volunteers four straight times, Mears came up with a new array of gimmicks. The bathmat in the dressing room was painted red and had "Alabama 73-54" lettered on it. That was the score of a game between the clubs two years ago. In addition, the Tennessee practice jerseys have a red elephant, the "Bama" symbol, on their backs.

Mears was long considered a defensive specialist, but he found that he was losing a lot of recruits because they wanted to play at a faster pace. He decided to change, and King and Grunfeld are proof enough that the transformation is complete. Run and gun is the Volunteers' game now. And it will stay that way at least as long as Grunfeld and King are around to stir up double trouble in the SEC.

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SITTING PRETTY IS HER STYLE

After a season of showing off from Binghamton to the Boardwalk, a Sealyham who is called Ch. Deraade Bobby's Girl will be one of the favorites for the top prize at Westminster this week *by D. KEITH MANO*

Take a walk on the Boardwalk. But carefully, very carefully: 3,718 dogs have been walked here today, from Park Place out toward Ventnor Avenue, right past the signs that say no DOGS ALLOWED. And let providence protect anyone who spreads his blanket on the Atlantic City beach this fine, warm winter morning. The sand might just as well be so much kitty litter. Here, at Convention Hall, which reminds one of the Hindenburg seen from inside, they choose a new Miss America every September. And that's what the Ninth Annual Boardwalk Kennel Club Show is, what any dog show is—just another beauty contest.

The same equipment, too. Scissors, combs, brushes, Groom 'n' Set, Adorn, Lemon Fresh White Rain Hair Spray, curlers, tweezers, nail files. Add some lip-stick, and Miss Arkansas or Miss Ohio could prepare herself with any dog handler's tack kit. Each table has a scaffold attached; each scaffold has a hangerman's noose dangling from it to hold the dog still. Beauty is enforced here. The grooming section suggests death row: several hundred dogs ready for execution by strangling. Clip, comb, brush. Dog hair accumulates; by midafternoon it will roll—shoved by the capricious breeze—in tumbleweeds bigger than a softball, bouncing off your pants cuffs.

It's almost impossible to breathe for the cornstarch in the Old English sheep-dog area. Cornstarch will whiten and body-up a coat. Sheepdogs lie on their sides like sheep, submissive. One woman, rushed by the show schedule, dumps a cupful on her dog just as the poor animal happens to yawn. Whoop! Bull's-eye! Half a pound of cornstarch rind down its throat. The sheepdog almost dies. Its tongue, now white, full of body, flops out with the desperate choking. It looks the way you feel with a hangover: cotton-mouthed. The lady is somewhat sheepish, yet she continues grooming. Could be she'll take a corpse into the ring, but it'll be a handsome corpse. And, monotonously, over the P.A. system, you hear, "Clean up ring 24. Clean up near the turnstiles. Clean up in front of the refreshment stand."

The dogs are incredibly patient. Man's

best friend will put up with just about anything. The poodles, for instance, endure an intimate shaving that's lewd and abhorrent; dogs turned into baboons, mandrills, topiary hedges, whatever, not dogs. They appear embarrassed and nude from the waist down, yet elegant, like high city officials roasted out of a brothel by fire at 4 a.m.

"Clean up ring 8. With a mop."

At the sales counters hi-pro and lo-pro dog snacks are available à la carte or by the cartload; also, cheesy ashtrays and glasses and prints; carriers, cages, personalized welcome mats. One dog-food manufacturer hands out a tongue-in-muzzle astrology chart. The cosmetics department would give Max Factor heartworm. Chew Stop. Tick Stop. Flea Stop. Eye-Tek, a tear-stain remover. "Tacky-Paw, for the surefooted performance." Grooming chalk in all conceivable dog shades. Strictly speaking, the American Kennel Club forbids, say, aerosol hairspray to keep a poodle's coat frizzed up. Strictly speaking, colored chalk is illegal. If the judge puts your Lakeland terrier and, like some puffball mushroom, it blasts brown chalk in his face, then that judge must disqualify at once and without hesitation. The trick is to touch up your terrier, then shake out just enough chalk so no flak bursts occur. But illegal cosmetics are openly sold, openly applied; very few dogs are eliminated. After all, the AKC has a certain gentlemanly image, and disqualifications would be, well, unpleasant.

"Clean up ring 17. Near the judges."

Out in Convention Hall Annex perhaps 200 trucks, buses, trailers, campers and station wagons are parked. Some are large enough to haul a touring company of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. One huge van lies palpably: noisier, it says. Peek inside, you see cage after cage stacked on special shelves, 20 or 25 dogs. It could be the big house at Sing Sing in miniature.

You want to know where all those little old ladies in tennis shoes have gone? They're panting, out of breath and sweaty, at dog shows. Seventy-one Boxers, 119 German shepherds, 106 German short-haired pointers. Most of these are

owner-operated animals. The judge terrorizes with quiet, bland politeness. She crooks a finger, as you'd call over the maître d', and some nervous man, some nervous woman, begins to run with his or her German shepherd. Round and round the ring they go at a fast canter, Tacky-Paw on sneaker soles. One dog stops, stops again, stops again, to nip at a flea. His owner is distraught. The judge smiles with deadly compassion. A 300-mile drive to Atlantic City, motel room, gas at 60¢ per gallon, and one lousy flea blows the whole shebang.

These are ordinary folk: mortgages, car payments, the school-tax bill, lawn mowers and barbecue pits. You figure they must be crazy. It takes 15 AKC points to "finish" a dog, to put that precious Ch. in front of Bowser's name. "We have Afghans. Just two dogs." They are a middle-aged couple eating rubber hot dogs on the Boardwalk. "Came 180 blows to this show. It's expensive, sure. Expect it'll run us two, three thousand dollars to finish our bitch. Sure, we have to cut back here and there. We eat at McDonald's a lot." The dog-show game has gone mad. It's no longer the semexclusive, genteel sport it once was; 3,718 dogs at Atlantic City. Most shows have had to put a limit on entries. Why do people do it? Simple. If you cannot be Ch. John Doe in life, you can always own a champion. Watch the 16 Samoyed bitches in ring 5, even a male Samoyed would have trouble telling them apart. But the judge finally points. That one, that's best. The female owner/handler leaps up, jiggling, ecstatic. "I won! I won!" she shouts. "I won!" Who won? She doesn't have white fur and a curled tail, how could she win? Yet, by some muddled logic, perhaps she has.

Peter Green doesn't fool himself. "No," he says, "the dog wins it, not you." Peter Green is a professional handler, one of the most respected in America. He has 20 dogs at Atlantic City, including Ch. Dersade Bobby's Girl (thereafter referred to as Binny), a Sealym terrier who will win best-in-show. Last night Green played Binghamton (where Binny won best also). Now, the next morning, after a five-hour drive, Green

continues

is at Convention Hall. It's ticklish handling 20 dogs, particularly when three or four are competing against each other in the same ring. "You go with the dog you think has the best chance," Green says. He will get other handlers to show his other dogs against himself. As you might expect, owners who pay for Peter Green's services don't like this. He must spend as much time handling people. Yet, in the ring he seems unperturbed, assured and very well-groomed. His stride is perfect. Dogs have no trouble "heeling"—Green's heel is always in the same place. And his hand on the leash works subtly, with cunning. It's a puppeteer's hand.

The Greens—Peter, his wife Gaynor and their four children—live in Bownessville, Pa. This is Amish country; the landscape is so trim, so organized, you wipe your feet before stepping on someone's lawn. At 39 Green is prematurely gray in all the right places: if a judge patted his head, white chalk would probably puff out. His face is handsome, confidence-giving; he has a most musical Welsh accent. But his is not what you'd call an easy life. There are no days off in the dog-handling line, no pension, no benefits, either. Gaynor says, "Yes, we get tired of it." Green always has two or three dozen dogs in his care. Even with a good assistant, "It's hard to have any social life. The dogs have to be fed and cleaned and trimmed every day." Out back, behind Green's modest, comfortable home, the kennels wait.

Green has been at it since he was 10. His uncle owned, still owns, a famous terrier kennel in Wales. Twelve years ago Mrs. Dorothy Wimer brought Green to America as her private handler. "I stayed private with her until 1967 when I went out on my own," Green says. "And that first year I won best-in-show at Westminster with a Lakeland. I was surprised to win it. I was just trying hard to win the breed. It was very anticlimactic. It was the last event ever in the old Madison Square Garden. They couldn't get us off the floor quick enough, they started knocking the place down. That fast. Workmen were taking the seats out." What does winning at Westminster mean? "It's the honor. People tell me you get a lot of business through winning in the Garden, but I don't think so."

And how important is a professional handler? "Obviously, if you walked into the ring with a dog and I walked in with a dog—well, they're going to look at

mine before they look at yours. It's the way you grow the hair that makes the difference. If you trim and shape the hair correctly, then the dog will look better. I pull the hair and grow it to an exact length. That's the art. On the other hand, if I have a poor dog trimmed very well and you have a very good dog that's not trimmed as well—hell, you should win."

There's a lot of art in Sealyhams. "I hated the breed. Mrs. Wimer always had Sealyhams, but I took the job with her on condition that I wouldn't show Sealyhams. Sealyhams have a double coat. All terriers are time-consuming, but Sealyhams are more so, they absorb the dirt. If you brought me a pointer and said, 'Show it,' all I would do is cut its toenails and take it in." Yet Binny won more than 40 best-in-shows during the past year. Dave Johnson, who is now Mrs. Wimer's kennel manager, says, "Peter's doing the impossible. To keep a Sealyham's coat in shape, day after day, show after show. Impossible."

Green found Binny in Wales two years ago and bought her for Mrs. Wimer. "I knew the breeder, Derrick Thomas," he says. "He's been in dogs a long time, but he's never had a really good one. And here he sells Binny at six weeks for a house pet. People say they can pick a top dog out when it's born. Baloney. You have to wait until they're starting to look like a young adult before you have any idea of what you've got." Green spent more than two weeks in Welsh pubs, cajoling, persuading, bargaining, having a few, before the owner, one Bobby Jones, agreed to sell. "There Binny was with all the kids around and the wife saying they didn't want to give her up. I had to leave the next day, but I switched my plane reservation. I was afraid if I left, Jones would change his mind again."

It's hard to describe a Sealyham. Binny is white with badger markings on her head; in some ways she might be likened to a Scottish terrier. But her chest is enormous, powerful, low. Sealyhams look like some taller dog that hasn't quite risen to pavement level on a sidewalk elevator. "The breed as a whole doesn't have a lot of show presence," Green says. "It isn't a particularly striking dog in the ring. There's all the traveling—Binny's gone to 100 shows—and for a Sealyham to look animated and stylish every time out is rare. They've got to have a certain temperament. Competitive? No, I think Binny just wants to please."

"She adores Peter," says Dorothy Wimer, "and he adores her. That's why they're so good together." Mrs. Wimer is a delightful, honest, no-nonsense woman. With her husband William (who died at a dog show in 1967), Dorothy Wimer has been breeding dogs for more than 30 years. At Pool Forge Kennels in Churchtown, Pa., she has 60 or 70 dogs. Dave Johnson will tell you, "Sometimes she takes a litter into her bedroom. I mean, it isn't just the winning, she loves dogs. She'll nurse puppies I wouldn't bother with; she'll stay up 48 hours bottle-feeding them. She'd never let one die." Peter Green seconds this opinion. Binny, who lives as a house pet with the Greens, is Mrs. Wimer's winningest dog. Yet she has been to see only half a dozen shows during the past year. "People congratulate me," Mrs. Wimer says. "Why? I didn't breed her, I didn't find her, I don't handle her."

Binny wins the terrier group at Atlantic City. Gaynor Green handles Mrs. Wimer a pewter bowl and platter. Imagine, that's more than 40 cups, platters and jugs in a year, plus more than 40 ten sets, Caesar salad bowls, creamers and coffee-pots for best-in-show. Not to mention the silver and pewterware accumulated through three decades of championship breeding. Mrs. Wimer doesn't have to worry about 25th anniversary gifts. "No, except that most of the trophies are marked," Peter Green says. "I have tons of them. How many silver-plated tea sets can you use? The expenses run high. An owner gets practically nothing out of it."

Mrs. Wimer will go along with that. "There's no way you can come out ahead financially," she says. "People want show prospects, and I won't sell a dog under six months, because you can't honestly say it's a show dog or even a decent dog until that age. And I keep the old ones. That's the hardest part, the old ones. You show a dog every week for one year, then you retire it. The dog misses that, the attention. It starts to go downhill, brokenhearted." Mrs. Wimer puffs on her filterless Pall Mall, making a kind of sigh. Binny's pewter bowl is in her lap, but she resists the temptation to use it as an ashtray. "I shouldn't have all the dogs I have," she says. "But, gosh, if you lose your bloodlines, you can't buy anything good these days. I have a line that I've bred down for years. You really have to breed something to get one dog to breed back to something else in your blood-

line." That's the fascination in it for her. Racehorses will breed fairly true, at least for speed. Dogs won't. "I could breed Binny to the best male Sealyham in America, and her pups might be just ordinary," she says.

Bunny is on the table again. She seems thoughtful, a Method actress getting ready for her best-in-show performance. Peter Green works. For him, as for St. Matthew's God, every hair on a dog's head and body and paws and tail is numbered. "I tell him he's crazy," says Mrs. Wimer. "Twenty dogs. See him on Monday afternoon, he'll be gray and tired. Actually, Gaynor does it all. Peter couldn't hammer a nail in straight. If Gay didn't put his wallet in the right place he'd drive off without it. Why, one day he drove to a show without the dogs. He loaded the car and went back to the house and forgot he hadn't put the dogs in. Drove all the way down to Bryn Mawr with five empty crates. He thought some kids had let them out. But the dogs were still back home in the runs. He called my husband and said, 'Ah, would you mind bringing the dogs down. Ah, I forgot them.' We nearly died laughing." If you know Peter Green, one of those crates probably won best-in-breed.

Times have changed. There are thousands of people at Convention Hall, but Mrs. Wimer will meet only eight old friends during the day. The AKC has problems similar to those of an expansion team: talent is diluted. By sensible law the AKC allows one judge to examine no more than 175 dogs per show. Nine years ago there would have been perhaps 10 judges at Atlantic City. This time there are 39. Everyone concedes that this has become a serious matter, it's hard to find people with sufficient training. No schools of judgementship exist. More dogs appear. New breeds get recognized. There are hundreds of shows in the U.S. each year. As a result, the decisions in breed, in group, in show are less consistent and less informed. "It's not a sport," says Peter Green. "In England we're called dog fanciers. That's a better word. One man's or one woman's opinion. You never can tell what will happen in the ring. It's just a fancy."

Convention Hall has emptied by now. Fancy or not, there's another best-in-show for Peter Green. And another long drive home. And on Feb. 9 the drive will be north—to Madison Square Garden and Westminster.

END



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young blades

Among those who are just as happy not to winter in Florida, Arizona or California are the hockey-playing kids of Minnesota. The state probably has more tiny slap-shooters per chilblain than any other. Minnie-mites do not just grab a crooked tree branch and push a tin can around, by and large they are blessed with rinks, blades, sticks and togs of which a big-leaguer would not be ashamed, note the youngsters at right playing a game at Edina, a suburb of Minneapolis. Turn the pages for more of Minnesota's winter wonderland, followed by an appraisal of the state of the skate, 1976, and of a man who is not altogether pleased with it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART









Snow time may be no time to stay outdoors and spoon, but for Edina parents it is the season for observing their tots tearing around the rink.

These athletes turn a variety of well-protected heads to the game; the goalie at left is equipped to the point of near immobility. At right, Tillie the St. Bernard deals herself into the action.





a wintry heritage

BY JIM KAPLAN

The most famous kid hockey player, John Mariucci, was a child of the Depression. His father, like many North Minnesotans, labored in the iron mines of the Mesabi Range. The elder Mariucci worked from sunup to sundown until an injury suffered in the mine prevented him from working at all. To feed John and his two sisters, Mariucci's mother rose at 4 a.m., cleaned the kitchen of a Greek restaurant and ironed clothes.

But life was not entirely grim for John and the other kids of Eveleth. Able to tax mine holdings, the towns of the Iron Range built some of the best schools in the country, and with them some fine hockey rinks. And there was coaching to go with the blessing of natural ice. For years the ablest amateur hockey in the U.S. was played by Minnesota's "rang-ers." Once, when Harvard played Yale, a Minneapolis paper, reflecting the number of local boys on both teams, head-lined the result **TRAINING BEATS EVELETH**.

John Mariucci played his first organized hockey in the 11th grade. In his spare time he skated alone for hours, getting his strength from the hard, cold land. A school counselor named Endicott told him, "John, you'll never be college material." But Mariucci ignored him, enrolled at Eveleth Junior College, transferred to the University of Minnesota, washed dishes and worked for the Northwestern National Bank to pay his bills, and starred in hockey and football. He went on to play professionally for the Chicago Black Hawks. After retiring in 1950, he helped revive postwar hockey by coaching the Gophers to second place in the NCAA tournament and the U.S. national team to a silver medal in the 1956 Olympics.

At 59 Mariucci is finishing his career as a scout for the North Stars, a career that earned him acknowledgment as the father of Minnesota hockey. During his

At Gilbert in Minnesota's North Country a player walks through the inevitable knee-deep snow to the inevitable game.

lifetime the state of the sport in Minnesota has been transformed out of all recognition.

Look what they've done to his game:

They've built 110 full-size indoor rinks and numerous summer camps, spreading hockey throughout the state and the year; they've created a participant cult by registering 80,000 amateur players, including Governor Wendell Anderson, an ex-Gopher and Olympian who says he would rather play old-timers' hockey than watch the finals of the Stanley Cup; and they've kept the state in the forefront of American hockey (with 2% of the population, Minnesota produces more than half the U.S. college and pro players). Needless to say, organized hockey in Minnesota begins with kids a few steps out of the cradle. There are even leagues for 6-year-olds.

Some youngsters skate only within their communities; at age 10 the best start playing for traveling squads. Fully uniformed, indistinguishable from midget North Stars and Fighting Saints except for the sponsors' names on their jerseys, encouraged by coaches and parents who may spend as much as \$500 a year on this activity, they roam the state and sometimes journey to Michigan, Illinois and Canada to play pro-length schedules. Recently, the community of Edina was host to its seventh international tournament for boys 11 to 14. For four days 48 teams played from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. It may have been the largest kid hockey tournament in the world. In early March the state high school tournament, which draws more than 85,000 spectators in three days despite statewide TV, will be usual by the most impressive sports event on the Minnesota calendar.

Mariucci is unsatisfied. "There are too many one-hour players," he says. "They're waiting for one hour of indoor ice when they could use the natural ice God has given them for five or six hours. The result is that they can't skate. Everyone wants to play, but you can't play until you've learned to skate."

Other thoughtful observers wonder if the organized programs, which they generally praise, have not taken both skills

and spontaneity from the game. "The kids up North shoot better than the kids in the Twin Cities," says Gus Hendrickson, who coached a Northern team, Grand Rapids, to the state high school championship before being hired last year by the University of Minnesota-Duluth. "The reason is that they play shiny hockey on their own. You need to ding around the nets a lot to learn to shoot. And you improve more when there is less pressure. I polled the seniors at Grand Rapids before I left. They all wanted fewer games, more practice and more opportunities for everyone." Amo Bessone of Michigan State cites the example of the Russians, who forbid organized hockey before age 12. "I don't think 10-year-olds should play 30 games. By high school, some are ready to quit." University of Minnesota Coach Herb Brooks says, "Maybe there shouldn't be any traveling teams. Making one puts an awful lot of pressure on a young kid. Some drop out altogether when they fail. Maybe the Elm Street Tigers should play the Oak Street Wildcats. My philosophy is skate like hell, stay onside, don't tear any jerseys and have a good time. I'm also concerned about summer camps, even though I'm starting one. Kids should be developing in other sports."

Significantly, the best pro prospect in the state is neither a hockey fanatic nor a product of fanatical organization. Reed Larson, a sophomore defenseman at Minnesota, may become the first U.S. player ever drafted in the first round by an NHL club. "I built up my legs skating and playing pullaway [hockey tag]," says Larson, who grew up in a working-class district of Minneapolis. "We skated a lot. We were rink rats. I built up my arms by doing pushups for gymnastics and by water skiing." As a result, Larson has superior acceleration and the hardest shot in college hockey. He has scored from the red line without a screen and broken a goalie's stick with a slap shot.

No one is arguing that organized programs be abandoned, just that they be improved. Hendrickson managed to get all age-group coaches in Grand Rapids to agree to fewer games and traveling

continued

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YOUNG BLADES *continued*

teams and more non-traveling teams and practice time. His brother Dave, the coach at Virginia High School, helped persuade his community to drop all its traveling teams below age 12 and reduce the road schedule for those who do travel. "The Minnesota Amateur Hockey Association has recommended a maximum of 30 road games," he says, "but the people in the cities say they've created a monster and don't know how to stop it." Another useful precedent was set by Brooks, who runs the most grueling practices of any college coach without complaints from his players. Brooks constantly varies his drills and he has to order his players off the ice.

But the basic changes, says Coach Harry Neale of the Minnesota Fighting Saints, must take place at the 6-to-9 level. "The stupidest thing about hockey for kids that age," says Neale, "is that they play the same rules as the pros. Why not make everything smaller—rinks, nets, pucks, sticks—and have no body-checking, painted lines or slap shots? Little League baseball is scaled down, but not hockey.

"The puck is what gets me—little kids can't move it around. They aren't strong enough to shoot slap shots until about 12. Checkers don't know what they're doing and checkers can't get out of the way. The idea is to improve skills without intimidation. And without lines there would be more chances for goals.

"Kids should have to pass skating tests before playing. That way we wouldn't have kids who never touch the puck in games. They should be made to play all positions. Why should a kid who gets put in the goal at age eight be stuck there forever? Kids should also play on a different team every game to reduce pressure.

"It wouldn't affect the fun or the skills. When I was coaching at Ohio State I started an intramural league along these lines. The people in the league were new to hockey, just like kids. They loved it and I had some of my best moments as a coach.

"I talk about these things around the state. People nod their heads and nobody does anything. The reason is that they want to develop winning teams and they're afraid other communities won't adopt the same rules. Well, if they don't adopt the rules, don't play them. What we need is a pioneer."

Like John Marucci.

END

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Not long ago, there were at least half a dozen unheralded teams around the country sporting unbeaten records. Schools such as Wake Forest, which got off to a 10-0 start, the University of New Orleans (9-0), Minnesota (8-0), LSU (7-0) and Iowa (10-0) all eventually hit snags on the road, embarked on rugged league schedules or met somebody really tough, and had their winning streaks broken. Meanwhile, Western Michigan, the darkest horse among those early-season surprises, has become a solid late-season success story. After Mid-American Conference victories over Miami of Ohio (82-68) and Ohio U. (75-59) last week, the Broncos were galloping along with a 16-0 record.

Western Michigan 16-0? Can that be true? Indeed it is, although most people outside Kalamazoo, Mich. do not seem to know it. Among them are the voters in the wire-service polls, who have ignored the Mid-American leaders in the weekly rankings.

Western's chances for national recognition have been hurt by an out-of-league schedule that was no bed of nails. The Broncos played five small-college opponents and barely escaped with their hides against undistinguished teams from Wisconsin-Parkside (77-74) and Wisconsin-Green Bay (51-50). But they also scored 10-point wins over two tough major-college rivals, Detroit and Michigan State. Those intrastate victories made the Broncos more popular in Kalamazoo than a snowmobile equipped with a citizen's band radio.

Located midway between Chicago and Detroit, Western's campus starts many visitors because of its Big Ten size. The university's enrollment is nearly 20,000, and many of the students are intense basketball fans, which is fortunate since the almost 26 inches of snow that fell last month prevented them from wandering much farther than Read Fieldhouse.

A record crowd of 10,519 fans showed up there on frigid evening last week to see the crucial game against Miami. The Redskins brought a solid record of their own to Kalamazoo—a 6-0 league mark that placed them in a tie with the Broncos for the Mid-American lead. But once

Who's who in Kalamazoo

Western Michigan (16-0) is a new big shot, but just in its hometown

the game was under way, there was no question which was the better team. Western looked so impressive that Radio Announcer Larry Osterman, who also does the Detroit Tigers' games on television, said, "This is the first time that I have felt that Western Michigan could successfully compete in a market area saturated by the Tigers, Lions football and college powerhouses at Michigan, Michigan State and Notre Dame. All of them are within 130 miles of Kalamazoo."

Osterman's statement reflects a dramatic change for a school with little basketball tradition and for a team that finished fifth in the Mid-American last season with an 8-6 record. Coach Eldon Miller's senior-dominated lineup has improved steadily during the past three years, winning eight games when the current seniors were freshmen, 13 when they were sophomores, then 16 last season for the school's highest victory total since 1952.

That many victories in a row this year has made Miller's reluctant smile a little broader, and he richly deserves all the happiness he can savor. His predecessor at Western Michigan was forced out by a 6-17 record and a series of ugly racial demonstrations. As a result, Miller's first team in 1970-71 was a hodgepodge of players, most of whom he had not recruited. Still, he won 14 games. In the five years since, the Broncos have become a well-oiled machine. They win because they have no star, a circumstance which so frustrates their opposition that at times Western's foes have resorted to playing a box-and-one defense with the chaser on point Guard



GRiffin blocked six Redskin shots

Jim Kurzen, the Broncos' sixth-leading scorer with 7.8 points a game.

Against Miami, 6'8" Center Tom Cutter, one of five Western players averaging in double figures, performed flawlessly. He hit all eight of his shots from the field, hauled down 11 rebounds and scored 20 points. Paul Griffin, a 6'9" forward, blocked six shots and handed out six assists—most of them to Cutter—in 25 minutes. Griffin and Cutter are handsome blond look-alikes who often are mistaken for one another on campus. Jeff Tyson, at the other forward, is the Broncos' leading scorer, with a 16.6 average, and is as crafty as one would expect a lefty with a mustache to be. Guard Jimmie Harvey, a three-year .397 shooter, is suddenly hitting at a .500 clip, and Kurzen, a B+ student in earth science, is as steady as bedrock.

The only unpredictable element in Western's pass-and-cut offense is freshman Guard Marty Murray, who seems to come off the bench just when all the picking and backdoor plays are getting a bit monotonous. A wide-bottomed 5'10" hustler from Chicago, Murray plays as if he were 6'5". He thinks nothing of backing a taller defender in close to the basket, blocking shots by bigger players from behind or sneaking in for layups off the offensive board. Murray even

continued

shoots technical fouls for the Broncos.

But what about the polls, don't they bother Western Michigan? "No! Much," says Kurzen. "When we toured Europe last summer several scheduled games fell through, and we had to spend 10 days on a mountaintop in San Marino, one of the smallest countries in the world. I guess that got us accustomed to being left in obscurity."

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST The closest thing to a crisis in basketball's version of the Mideast is the question of just how good Indiana is. After watching the Hoosiers win 88-73 at Iowa, Portland Trail Blazers Vice-President Stu Inman said they are "not an extremely gifted team" and that they lack the superstar of "great teams of the past." Five days later, after his team was mauled 114-61 by Indiana, Wisconsin Coach John Powless rated the Hoosiers as "comparable to the greatest teams in history." And Indiana's Scott May had some superstar statistics with 32 points against Iowa and 30 in 25 minutes against Wisconsin. Big Ten runner-up Michigan was upset 76-75 by Illinois, but outlasted Iowa 104-95.

"Winning is overemphasized," Marquette Coach Al McGuire says. "The only time it's really important is in surgery and war." Nonetheless, McGuire was pleased with his Warriors' 55-44 surgical job on Georgia Tech and their 85-59 blitzing of Loyola.

Notre Dame Coach Oggy Phelps labeled his team's games against UCLA, DePaul and Maryland during an eight-day span as "the Triple Crown of the season." The Irish, who had disposed of UCLA the week before, were down DePaul with their depth for an 89-68 win. Then came the "Belmont." Despite 28 points by Adrian Dantley, Notre Dame was beaten in the stretch by Maryland 69-63. John Lucas had 23 points for the Terps, surpassing Tom McMillen as Maryland's all-time scoring leader with 1,820.

1. INDIANA (18-0) 2. MARQUETTE (16-1)

EAST Silence was golden in North Carolina Guard John Kuester, but none was precious to Maryland Forward Steve Sheppard. Summing up his feelings about playing on the road without the backing of vociferous Tar Heel rooters, Kuester said, "You hear that great roar out there. Then somebody pops in a jumper for us, and suddenly it's so dead. Just silence. That's the prettiest sound you can hear on the road."

Kuester particularly savored the hush at Wake Forest, where Carolina won 88-85 in overtime with Mitch Kupchak scoring 26 points. The Tar Heels subsequently lengthened their ACC lead with a 79-64 home-court victory over Clemson.

Maryland fans, chastised in the campus newspaper for their meager vocal outpourings at home games, whooped and howled as the Terps whipped North Carolina State 102-84. Inspiring most of the cheers were Lucas, who tossed in 34 points, and Mo Howard, who had 25. But no one appreciated the din more than Sheppard, who said, "It felt like we were at home, finally."

Virginia Tech (15-3) trounced William & Mary 105-79 and edged West Virginia 81-78, with Russell Davis canning a jump shot in the final five seconds.

Georgetown (14-3) stopped Penn State 71-63 as Derrick Jackson connected for 28 points. Then the Hoyas took on Holy Cross, which had been upset 73-69 by Connecticut. With the score tied at 14, Georgetown spurred to a 40-25 advantage. Jackson, Al Duchs and Merlin Wilson poured in 22 of the Hoyas' 26 points during that outburst and had 66 in all as Georgetown won 95-74.

Rutgers freewheeled past Pitt 102-71 and Princeton stymied Penn 69-52.

1. RUTGERS (18-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (16-2)

MIDWEST When Missouri and Nebraska clash in a vital game, the sport is usually football. But this time their confrontation at Lincoln, Neb. was a matchup between the only teams unbeaten in Big Eight basketball. Despite 20 points from Guard Willie Smith, the Tigers trailed the Cornhuskers, whose eight-game winning streak was their longest in 25 years, 30-29 at the end of the first half. Then Missouri Forward Jim Kennedy, who had been held scoreless, gunned in 19 second-half points and the Tigers won 62-57. Setting the stage for that showdown were Missouri's 72-58 defeat of Oklahoma and Nebraska's 52-48 triumph over Oklahoma State.

The mad scramble continued in the Southwest Conference. Texas Tech, which had started the week in first place, held off Houston 57-54, but suffered a 92-86 double-overtime defeat at Arkansas. Then the Razorbacks were picked off in turn 82-76 by SMU, which also walloped Rice 90-67. That allowed Texas A&M to take command of the SWC with wins over Texas (72-60) and TCU (86-64).

"We were intimidated right off the bat," said George Washington Coach Bob Tallent after facing Cincinnati. The Bearcats did not use a facemask, but they did honor the Colonials 102-72 for Cincy's 44th straight victory at the UC Army-Fieldhouse.

1. MISSOURI (17-2) 2. CINCINNATI (18-0)

WEST UCLA continued to be bothered by the second-half blues. As they have so often, the Bruins played well in the first half against USC, but with a 43-28 lead early in the second half, they bogged down. The Trojans began picking UCLA apart with inside passes, got a flurry of points and steals from Guard Marv Salford and closed the gap to 43-38. UCLA desperately switched its offense to a four-corners delay and its defense to a zone. With 2:30 to play and leading only 60-58, the Bruins went back to man-to-man and salvaged a 68-62 victory. That moved UCLA into a tie for first in the Pacific Eight with Washington and Oregon State. The Huskies trimmed Washington State 75-65.

Oregon State took on Oregon in a non-conference encounter played for pride—and profit for the schools' athletic departments. With Oregon State trailing 76-74 and 51 seconds left, Beaver Coach Ralph Miller directed his team either to patiently wait for a wide-open outside shot or to go inside and hope for a three-point play and the win. Both those plans were spoiled by Oregon's Ron Lee, who knocked the ball loose with 28 seconds to go, sealing the victory for the Ducks. For Lee it was the most brilliant play of a superb week. He hit 28 of 46 shots from the floor in two games, scoring 28 points against State and a school-record 41 as Oregon drubbed Seattle 96-65.

Three opponents scored 279 points against Nevada-Las Vegas. That would be enough to shatter almost any club, but the Rebels took it in stride, zipping Northern Arizona 139-101, Seattle 107-77 and Pepperdine 118-101. Rebel Guard Glen Gondreck, a long-range shooter, had 65 points for the week. Teammate Eddie Owens pumped in 82, 64 of them in the last two games, as the Rebels boosted their scoring average to 109.1, the highest in the country.

Alone atop the WAC was Arizona (5-1), which used Al Fleming's 32 points to beat Colorado State 96-76, then downed Wyoming 64-57. Texas-El Paso (4-2) was ambushed by Utah 51-49 but pulled out a 57-56 win at Brigham Young when Gary Brewer barged in for the winning basket with one second to go. New Mexico Coach Norm Ellenberger called it a "weave from the domino offense just across the center line," but what his Lobos used against Utah was really just a plain old stall. Utah led 24-22 at the half, then joined in the keep-away maneuvers by clinging to the ball for nine of the last 11 minutes of the game. When the final buzzer sounded—and presumably awakened everyone in Utah's Special Events Center—the Utes had a 34-32 win. Chucking the domino theory, the Lobos mixed it up with BYU. That did not work, either. New Mexico losing 81-67 in a game marred by 60 turnovers.

1. NEV.-LV (22-0) 2. WASHINGTON (17-1)

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Training heavy firepower

Taking literally the Army recruitment slogan that 'You can choose what you want to enlist as,' three men have signed up to become the Olympic champion

Hour after hour, five days a week, on an Army base in Georgia, three men using \$2,000 Perazzi 12-gauge shotguns bust targets spinning away from them at 120 mph. They may well be the finest trap shooters in the world, each man entirely convinced he will win an Olympic gold medal this July. They burn up 300,000 rounds of ammunition a year in training time few civilians could afford.

At the world championships held last September in Munich these three men plus a Montana State student named Wally Zobell made up a team that broke 388 out of 400 targets to set a world record. A few months later, in Mexico, the same team broke 391 out of 400 targets to win the gold medal at the Pan-American Games and improve their record.

The commanding officer of the three soldiers, Fort Benning's Colonel Walter Greenwood, says, "These lads are soldiers first, shooters second." Not so. All three admit they are in the U.S. Army solely to shoot trap.

There is Don Haldeman, at 28 the oldest and quietest of the three. He does not rattle. Haldeman has been to the Olympics before, in 1972, but he did not win a medal. He is by trade a machinist, and the gun he uses in competition has a custom spring-release trigger and stock he himself made. Haldeman was drafted in 1969, and served three years on the shooting team. After his discharge he went to work in a machine shop in Philadelphia. When he was laid off, Haldeman, a Reservist, figuring he could do better than collect unemployment, took the Reservist option of a year's active duty in order to become an Olympic champion in trap. In his uniform Haldeman is a ringer for Gomer Pyle.

Charvin Dixon is a wiry-haired, pink-faced 21-year-old who, in competition, assumes the grim bearing of a middle-aged man in pain. A friend who lived near

his hometown of Harlan, Iowa, had been on the Army's shooting team, told Dixon about it and influenced him to sign up. "If I couldn't shoot," Dixon says, "there was no way I was gonna join up." Dixon has six months left to serve. After that he plans to shoot in the high-rolling trap tournaments held mostly in the western part of this country and in the live-bird shoots held quietly here and there in the United States.

Dan Carlisle from Houston was recruited, much in the way a flashy high school running back is recruited by a college coach. He won a potful of amateur shoots as a kid, received in the mail an encouraging offer from the Army and accepted it. Carlisle once took four quail out of a single covey with a three-shot Model 12 Winchester. You seldom in a lifetime cross a wing shot like him. He is 20, has red hair and the accompanying temperament.

Haldeman, Dixon and Carlisle share an apartment in Columbus, Ga. They are not required to live in the barracks at Fort Benning since their unit was not provided with quarters. At 7:30 each weekday morning they and five other members of the shotgun section of the Army Marksmanship Unit report to the trap and skeet ranges. Four of the other five comprise the Army skeet team. As Haldeman, Dixon and Carlisle shoot, it is a preview of the competition for the two Olympic team berths. They are the definite favorites although Zobell and Mike Janni, who until recently was a member of the trap section, also figure to be in contention.

Once on the range they assemble their shotguns, which have been kept oiled and stored in sheepskin-lined cases, and stuff their shooting jackets with No. 8 nickel-coated shot. Haldeman puts on ear muffs and Dixon and Carlisle stick in specially made ear stoppers.

It seems that Haldeman, Dixon and Carlisle shoot forever. After an hour, trap shooting as a spectator sport becomes little more interesting than watching clerks sell flight insurance. The joy is in the doing, not in the watching. You cannot win gold medals, Colonel Greenwood says, by shooting one day a week.

These three men shoot international trap only, which is not to be confused with American trap. In international trap the targets are flung out of the bunker at about 120 mph and follow any of innumerable flight patterns within a 90-degree radius. The targets must travel at least 75 meters. At 10 meters from the bunker the targets must reach an elevation of from one to four meters. The shooter never knows what path the target will take, only that it will be traveling away from him. You get two shots at each bird in international trap. You get credit for breaking it with either shot. Fifty percent of the time Haldeman, Dixon and Carlisle fire both barrels of their over-under shotguns, often hitting the bird twice. They shoot only international trap because the Army has the notion it improves relations with foreign countries.

The yellow Western Flyer targets come swift as an eye blink out of the bunker, heading downhill toward a stand of pine, poplar, hickory and scarlet maple. In the fall, when the hickory and poplar go yellow, it is difficult shooting. The three Army shooters break the birds close in to the bunker. This is because they are quick. Other trap shooters might give lead to the targets, Haldeman, Dixon and Carlisle swing through them, and shoot right at them when they meet their sights. And break them.

To call for a bird Haldeman says "ummmh," though he says he is shouting "pull." Dixon says what sounds like "stop," and Carlisle yells what sounds like "Out!" When Carlisle misses, he

curse loudly. When Dixon misses, he scowls and grows more intense. When Haldeman misses, he shows no emotion.

When they go to lunch, they go to the diner in the bowling alley on the post. Lunch is double cheeseburgers, all the way, and French fries baptized in ketchup and soft drinks.

Carlisle: "I've had a gun in my hands all my life, I guess. My dad was a good hunter, and I always went along. When I was a kid I worked at a gun club. I used to pull targets. That's how I got started with trap. I'm going to make my living at it, I'll be out of the Army in two years. By then I'll be tough."

Dixon: "If I could have afforded to shoot out as much equipment and ammunition as I do now, I wouldn't have joined the Army."

Haldeman just chews.

All concede there are no tricks, no gimmicks involved in becoming the world's best marksman in trap. When you break 100 targets out of 100 targets—as all three have done in competition—it is a result of training, repetition and concentration. Carlisle says, "Once you've shot for years, your mind clicks on one thing. Everything goes out. You just concentrate on breaking those damn targets."

Dixon says, "You just don't think negatively. You clear your mind. If you're thinking about your shooting, generally it's negative."

After lunch Colonel Greenwood, a crewcut career officer, rides a lawn mower round and round the trap range. The job, he says, is the responsibility of the men in his unit. Finishing with the grass, he says he likes to pitch in once in awhile. "Eight of us maintain this entire hill, 50 acres," the colonel says. "That includes painting, cleaning the building, cutting the grass and restocking the birds."

"So you can see these lads are not just shooters. They're soldiers, and then they're shooters. A lot of people think these kids are babies. They are not. I get on them. 'Hey, you, now polish those shoes, soldier! Get that hair trimmed!' Sergeant Branham will tell you. Sergeant Branham rattles their cages."

Sergeant Branham is second in command of the shotgun section, a career man whose thin body is all tight knotty muscles. He shoots skeet on the team and, for the most part, is respected by the unit. He is fond of ending sentences with the word, gentlemen. "That's about the size of it, gentlemen."

Sergeant Branham says, "You'll find the average civilian making \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year can't afford this sport. . . . You shoot 100 birds, that's four rounds of trap. That would be \$2 for each round, \$3 to \$3.50 for a box of ammunition. . . . Most of the good shooters come from families with good money. It's hard to keep them in the ser-

vice. Just when you've got them properly trained, they quit. We're trying to get people more career-minded."

Dixon and Carlisle hear this, and wink at one another.

Just before Janni was mustered out of the service the Army trap-shooting team traveled by car to Naples, Fla. to compete in a zone shoot. Uncharacteristically, Haldeman was visibly peeved. He moped around the hotel, saying to his colleagues, "This is a rinky-dink shoot. We're competing against each other. We could have done that back at Benning."

The Army shooters seemed little taken with their surroundings, an elaborately equipped sportsmen's resort called Remuda Ranch, situated on Florida's west coast, in the land of palms, bougainvillea, hibiscus, alligators, egrets, hawks and herons. To while away the time, Dixon rode a bicycle down the corridor of the hacienda-styled quarters.

On an Army per diem of \$25, they paid \$20.80 each a day for rooms, and ate hamburgers from a McDonald's down the highway. And on a blue-skied Saturday walked out to show their stuff.

There were 12 men competing in the zone shoot. All save the Army representatives had money, and showed it. Of the dozen, the most ostentatious arrived at the range in a Mercedes, stepped in his L.L. Bean trap and skeet shoes to the soft white ground and fetched from his trunk a \$13,000 special-order Italian trap gun, stock of French walnut, silver inlay of naked Renaissance women all over it.

The civilians shot fair, coming up with an occasional round in which they broke 22 or 23 out of 25 birds, but never consistently enough to match Haldeman, Dixon, Carlisle or Janni, who felt they were not shooting well at all. In between rounds the civilians talked of motor homes and mileage, Mercedes sedans as opposed to convertibles, quizzed one another on memberships at the Palm Beach Gun Club. Dixon and Carlisle listened to The Who performing their rock opera Tommy on an eight-track stereo tape deck in the pickup truck they had driven down from Fort Benning, and concentrated on their shooting. Haldeman gave no indication he was listening to anything.

The bunker emitted hand-cocked orange-colored targets, which came out

continued



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more slowly than those from the automatic prototype launcher back at the post. Most of the time the Army team shot them down before they were 25 meters from the bunker. Red-shouldered hawks, apparently long accustomed to the trap range, circled high and slow above a slough far beyond the bunker. At a green picnic table back of the referee's chair there were four spectators, three of whom were the wives of competitors. Two of the wives soon departed, leaving the third with a bird book and her binoculars.

Once, between rounds, Carlisle stomped back to the pickup truck and set his gun ungentle against the tailgate. "I should have my butt kicked up around my head," he said. He had missed one out of 25. "Stupid mistake. Something I should have stopped doing 10 years ago. Mismounted the damn gun. Mismounted! Had it a little low. You know it the moment you do it. Just wasn't up against my cheek right. But what the hell. It felt good. I was breaking 'em good. It was a four-meter bird. That means I shot over it 20 feet."

The colonel, shooting for the first time in competition and shooting badly, chatted with the wealthy, who were awed by the young men's accuracy. The colonel kept saying, "They're soldiers first, soldiers first!" The colonel also had to fend off embarrassing questions like, "Oh, are you their manager?" His conversation was fraught with Army terms: TDY, CQ, TO & E, PT, OIC.

Toward the end the colonel conceded, "I would say that I have the best job in the Army today."

Janni won the two-day event in a shoot-off with Haldeman after both had scored 193 of 200 in the regulation rounds. Haldeman missed once in the 25-bird shoot-off; that was enough for Janni, who shot a perfect round. Haldeman grouched that he had shot poorly all week.

All but Dixon pulled out in cars for the 10-hour drive back to Fort Benning, the sergeant and the colonel in the sergeant's pickup truck, listening to country-music tapes. Dixon flew to Miami to catch a plane for Iowa, intending to spend leave with his parents. On the commuter flight he said above the prop engines' buzzing, "I'm going to win the tryouts, and then I'm going to get a gold medal at the Olympics. I know it. I want to be world champion once." **END**



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BASKETFULS OF INFORMATION



A COACH AGAIN, AUERBACH TALKS DRIBBLING WITH JO JO

With virtually no fanfare, on Jan. 11 CBS began inserting a series of 3½-minute films entitled *Red Auerbach on Roundball* into the halftimes of its telecasts of NBA games. The segments present Auerbach, general manager and former coach of the Celtics, explaining the major points—and quite a few of the minor ones—of basketball as it is played in the NBA. Judging by the first four shows, *Red on Roundball* promises to become one of the brightest and most informative additions to sports programming in a long time.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about the segments, 28 of which will be shown by the time the NBA playoffs are concluded this spring, is that it has taken television so long to get around to doing them. Although basketball may be familiar to more Americans than any other sport, TV long has shied away from discussing the intricacies of the pro game in favor of treating it as merely a series of one-on-one contests. In its two previous seasons of NBA telecasts, CBS had begun to rectify that situation, first by hiring a reporter, Sonny Hill, to cover the league on a full-time basis, then by putting cameras and microphones on team huddles to allow viewers to see and hear coaches at work. Even though these attempts to present the game's technical side were often unsuccessful, they indicated that CBS was on the right track.

Auerbach is the perfect man to broaden

CBS' approach. He is a superior teacher with a booming voice and a latent talent for acting. And his knowledge of his game is unexcelled.

Pro basketball has fared poorly as a televised sport since it first appeared on the air 22 seasons ago. It was unceremoniously junked at the conclusion of its original TV contract with NBC in 1962 because of woeful ratings. ABC gave the NBA another chance in 1964. Even though the rights fees paid by the networks to the NBA have

escalated from more than \$500,000 in 1964 to \$9 million this season, television has persisted in presenting the pros as a bunch of guys running more or less aimlessly around the court in shiny underwear.

Auerbach is undertaking a difficult task in attempting to alter the impression TV has created by: 1) striving to educate CBS' average audience of 14 million viewers about the complexities of the pro game; 2) attempting to teach young players how to improve their games; 3) subtly introducing fans to an all-star team of pros, selected not by the usual criteria of scoring but on the basis of how well Auerbach feels they do—or did—in the game's other important facets, such as pecking and passing.

Even though the players get only \$300 to appear—a piddling sum for the NBA's high-paid stars—and filming sessions have taken as long as four hours, Auerbach has rounded up many of the best pros. In fact, it is the host, not his guests, who seems most bothered by the lengthy shootings. "We have three cameras going most of the time, and sometimes a fourth," says Bob Stenner, producer of *Red on Roundball*. "First Red walks the subject through what he is attempting to show the audience—and he often does so two or three times. Then we go to work until we shoot it right. The first show we did was with Jo Jo White on dribbling and the functions of a guard. The more times it took,

the more Red got frustrated, because he is a perfectionist, but when he saw what came out, he was pleased. We don't want to gimmick these segments up by using film footage of game situations. There will be times when we may have to, perhaps when we show Tiny Archibald on penetration. But the basic things like Bill Russell on rebounding and Rick Barry on foul shooting will be clean and without action footage."

Although the decision not to use game films is essentially a sound one, viewers may have trouble getting accustomed to *Red on Roundball*, which is being staged in an empty gym where the sound is hollow and the backgrounds dark. And since Auerbach is speaking extemporaneously, his narration is in the same gruff tones that he used as a coach. "Some people feel that Red is too loud," says Stenner. "I don't think so. That's the way he talks. Red's an animated man, and that's the aspect of him we want to capture. We'd lose that if we had him do a voice-over in a studio."

This is the final season of CBS' three-year package with the NBA, and contract negotiations this week may determine whether the network's efforts to make pro basketball telecasting more informative and enjoyable continue. The last time the league's TV rights were up for bidding, the competition was fierce between ABC, which had previously televised the games, and CBS. When CBS won, ABC went to court in an attempt to regain the rights. Competition may not be as strenuous this year. ABC's ratings are good without the NBA, and CBS has not made a bundle on its pro telecasts. The network has gotten low ratings mainly because its color men the last two seasons, Elgin Baylor and Oscar Robertson, have been something less than brilliant, especially in comparison to their ABC predecessor, Bill Russell. This year's color announcer, former Referee Mendy Rudolph, has been a modest improvement. And the contract negotiations will be further complicated if the NBA asks, as it is expected to, for the new deal to include a weekly Monday night telecast. Under those circumstances, the only certainty for viewers is that they will be able to watch Auerbach get to the heart of pro basketball—at least for the rest of this season.

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Strutting their stuffs

Halftime at the ABA All-Star Game featured a mind-blowing spectacle in which the Doctor was too much

You probably couldn't get Lloyd's of London to write a whole lot of long-term insurance on the American Basketball Association these days, but if the affair in Denver last week called the Ninth Annual ABA All-Star Game was a dying man's last gasp, it came through as some very loud whoops and hollers. Contributing to the unfunereal gaiety were Charlie (Silver Fox) Rich and the Rhinestone Cowboy himself, Glen Campbell, imported by the host Nuggets to hype the game with a two-hour pregame concert. Also, the game itself was a cut or two above normal All-Star fare. Ac-

knowledging that the shrunken seven-team league could not be divided into two equal parts, the format pitted the front-running Nuggets against the best of the rest, and it turned out to be a very good game, won by the Nuggets 144-138. But beyond all that, those red, white and blue ball crazies came up with the greatest halftime invention since the rest room: the First Annual Slam-Dunk Contest.

One edge the ABA holds over the rival NBA is the planet's richest stable of slam-dunk artists, and for the occasion of this first ever slam-dunk competition, the league wheeled out five of its best. The first three contestants were Artis Gilmore, the Kentucky giant, and wispy George Gervin and long Larry Kenon, both of San Antonio. Those three could dunk, all right, but everybody knew that the contest would probably wind up as a shattering showdown between New York's Julius Erving, M.D. (Mr. Dunk) and Denver's amazing flying boy David Thompson, Ph.D., who has recent-

ly been rewriting the law of gravity. Dunk-shot artists can fly. They defy physics. In a game shortly before the All-Star break, Thompson was standing at the bottom of the dotted half of the foul circle—seven feet from the basket—with two defenders boxing him away from the offensive boards. When a missed shot came off the front of the rim, Thompson rose his normal nine feet off the floor and in one smooth motion speared the ball with his right hand, sent it screaming down through the rim and returned to earth at the same spot from which he took off. Isaac Newton, had he been at court-side, would have said what the 15,021 fans and sportswriters said: impossible. Yet the *Rocky Mountain News* documented the historic event with an indisputable sequence of photographs.

The slam dunk has a strange effect on basketball people. They yell and they scream. They wail. They shake their heads and slap palms. They tear at each other's clothes. Among the true believers the prospect of seeing *five* super dunkers practice their sublime art was at least as enthralling as the game itself.

"David's had butterflies all week," reported Thompson's roommate, Monte Towe. "We've been trying to help him, tell him which of his dunks are the best."

"I'll just be David," said the rookie levitationist.

Erving had spent 15 minutes in the locker room before the game, pantomiming his act, moving an imaginary ball around from behind his back and over his head in various hooks and pumps.

Rumors in McNichols Sports Arena were that Thompson would attempt his fabled "cradle the baby" dunk, in which he cradles the ball in the crook of his left elbow, goes high over the rim and punches the ball smartly through with his right fist. Erving, it was whispered, was going to try to dunk from a standing start at the foul line—a distance of 15 feet—by rocking his body back and forth until he achieved take-off momentum. That really is impossible, but Erving had made a \$1,500 bet with Denver Assistant Coach Doug Moe that with a running start he could dunk from the foul line, a mean enough feat.

Diplomatically, Erving had asked the New York Nets' Kevin Loughery, who coached the All-Stars, if maybe they

continued



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shouldn't get a white player into the competition. "Well," said Loughery, "what white players know how to dunk?"

"Um," said Erving.

The rules required five dunks: two compulsory moves—one from underneath the basket, the other from the bottom of the foul circle—and three free-style—one from the left, one from the right and one from the baseline. A four-man panel graded each dunk as if Dr. J *et al.* were so many figure skaters. Two extra backboards and rims were ready "in case somebody brings one down," and all the nondunking Nuggets and All-Stars were attentive when the five contestants were introduced. "That is a serious crew," said Kentucky's Maurice Lucas as Gilmore got ready to start the earth trembling.

Flamboyance is not Gilmore's style. "When I dunk, I try to make the ball stick to the floor," he says. With one ball in each hand, Gilmore sent himself up

from underneath. Wham! Slam! The crowd went ohhh, as if it had just witnessed a terrible accident. The Nugget PA announcer cautioned the photographers who were lying on their backs underneath the basket: "Please back off. The Denver Nuggets fear for your lives." One of Gilmore's dunks, a ferocious left hook, was slightly off-center, and vibrated rapidly between the sides of the rim. "Yeah!" yelled Lucas. "A rub-in!"

Next came Gervin, called the Iceman. The 6'7" guard—the only one in the contest—looked shaken after Gilmore's performance. He approached the basket with two balls in his hands, looked at the balls and at the hoop and then sheepishly rolled one of the balls away. "I know I can throw one through," he said, "but I ain't gonna try something I know I can't do. Might get hurt." One of Gervin's dunks was the "coiled snake," his whole right arm wrapped around the ball, uncoiling like a snake with the ball rolling down his arm and fingers. Kenon then turned in a "rim shaker" and a flying baseline assault, but like Gervin he missed one dunk and was out of the running.

The Denver fans had seen Thompson work plenty of magic in the half season he had been there, and they wanted more from him now. The dunkers were being judged on artistry, innovativeness, body flow and crowd reaction, and Thompson naturally had 100% in the last department. For his compulsories, he slammed one ball with two hands backward from a standing start under the basket and made a high running windmill from the left baseline. Then he drove from the right and brought the ball from his waist, back behind his head, slamming it down so hard that the force of the shot seemed to propel people from their seats.

Suddenly Dr. J looked worried and started loosening up. Then David zoomed in from the left and tried a bank dunk—he actually attempted to dunk the ball off the glass, but missed. His finale was a spectacular 360-degree midair miracle performed with Baryshnikovian perfection. The players leaped to their feet. "He is a mile high," shouted St. Louis' Marvin Barnes. "No, we're a mile high," said Lucas, remembering what city they were in. "He's two miles high." While everyone was screaming, the low-keyed Gilmore looked at his shoes and muttered, "Oh, no, Doc's in trouble."

Doc was not in trouble. When it was

his turn, the rest of the players moved onto the court and sat cross-legged on the floor. The Doc coolly walked up to the basket with two balls and jammed them both backward behind his head. Wham! His compulsories done, he stood at the foul line, staring at the basket, then turned dramatically to pace off 10 long strides to the top of the foul circle at the other end of the court. He held the ball like a marble in his long fingers, took two quick steps and three antelope strides and he was airborne. His arms started a swift and powerful windmill, releasing the ball like a speeding particle from a cyclotron. The All-Stars were moaning. Only primitive, guttural sounds could be heard. "Hey, the Doc is the best ever," yelled Moe, who was happy because Erving had taken off two inches inside the foul line. "He moves like liquid Prell."

Dan Issel, Denver's center and one of the white players not invited to dunk, said, "Hey, this is nothing. Where are all the white guys? At the final buzzer of the game I'm going to be doing a trapeze act."

Erving was the unanimous winner. First runner-up Thompson was a little sorry he hadn't tried the "baby cradle." "Maybe I should have," he said, "but there's a 50-50 chance I might have missed it. And besides, it's dangerous."

The Doctor said his greatest dunking days were behind him ("My knees are only 75% of what they used to be"), but he didn't apologize for not trying the standing-rocking foul-line dunk. "There ain't enough rocking in the world for that," he said, adding that a great dunk shot was a time suspension, "an opportunity in a team sport for an individual to express himself in a memorable way. If you fly or hang in the air so long in a way that only you can do it, it's a great rush. Like that commercial, 'There's nobody else exactly like you.' Well, for just a split second I'm just that, and I don't think there's anybody who doesn't know it."

Except, perhaps, Issel, who performed his trapeze act as promised: a soaring dunk of an offensive rebound, the fifth "white dunk" of the game. That gave the Nuggets an eight-point lead with 1:17 left, and they held on for the win. Afterward Issel made an official announcement: "I hope that dunk impressed the slam-dunk selection committee enough so that I might be invited to compete for the designated dunker title next year. I want . . . the Doctor."

END



THOMPSON SOARS UP AND IN, BACKWARD

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The Los Angeles Luv

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, ½ oz. Triple Sec, ½ oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice

RECIPE: In Blender combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Creme de Banana, ½ oz. Triple Sec, ½ oz. Lemon Juice, 2 oz. Pineapple Juice, with ice, pour in highball glass half filled with cracked ice. Garnish/pineapple slice, straw



The Miami Sunset

INGREDIENTS: 2 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, orange juice,

RECIPE: Fill highball glass with ice. Add 2 oz. EARLY TIMES and 1 oz. Triple Sec. Fill with orange juice, and stir. Float teaspoon Grenadine



The New York Experience

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth,

RECIPE: Combine 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, 1 oz. Triple Sec, 1 oz. Dry Vermouth, with cracked ice, strain into stem glass. Garnish/lemon twist.



The Atlanta Belle

INGREDIENTS: 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¼ oz. Green Creme de Menthe,

¼ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Coffee Cream

RECIPE: Shake with cracked ice 1 oz. EARLY TIMES, ¼ oz. Green Creme de Menthe, ¼ oz. White Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Cream. Strain into whiskey sour glass.



The Boston Bourbon Mary

INGREDIENTS: 1 ½ oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire Sauce, Tabasco Sauce, Slice of lime (or Favorite Bloody Mary Mix).

RECIPE: Combine 1 ½ oz. EARLY TIMES, Tomato Juice, Worcestershire and Tabasco Sauce to taste (or Bloody Mary Mix). Add ingredients to highball glass filled with ice. Garnish/lime slice.



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Today's contact lenses. Where the action is.

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Get the opinion of an eye professional. If they are right for you, then you'll be ready to make contact.

Should you consider contact lenses, your eye professional will decide if you can wear them on the basis of the health of your eyes, the vision correction you need, and the way you work and relax. For example, contact lenses should not be worn while sleeping, swimming, or in the presence of irritating vapors. Care should be taken to avoid exposing lenses to substances such as cosmetics, lotions, soaps, creams, or hair sprays. If contact lenses are prescribed for you, your eye professional will work closely with you to see that you receive their full benefit by providing easily followed instructions for lens wearing, cleaning, storage, and disinfecting.

Your eye professional is always ready to assist you with your vision needs and answer any questions concerning contact lenses or eyeglasses. Consult him immediately if you ever encounter any abnormal eye condition such as irritation. Everyone should have a professional eye examination on a regular basis to protect the priceless miracle of sight.

Foresight... the best way to preserve eyesight.

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When Baron Marcel Bich appointed Paul Elvstrom helmsman for his 1974 assault on the America's Cup, the flamboyant Frenchman caused a good deal of concern in the New York Yacht Club. The legendary Dane was unquestionably the greatest helmsman, the most accomplished yachtsman the world had ever seen. His presence aboard a cup challenger would have posed perhaps the gravest threat ever to the club's unbroken 123-year grip on the "auld mug." Elvstrom's subsequent argument with Bich and his resignation from the French campaign put an end to his immediate America's Cup hopes. However, Elvstrom is still convinced he could have won the cup in '74 with a revolutionary concept in design, a 12-meter with a bulbous underwater snout beneath her bows.

Elvstrom's long, slender, elliptical bulb had emerged after a six-month tank-test program in Copenhagen in 1973-74, reported to have cost more than \$500,000. Using four-meter-long models in a 250-meter tank, he examined their performance with computers and a battery of complex electronic gear. He was adapting principles already established in commercial shipping. The bulb works simply. It sets up its own wave slightly in front of the vessel, and the valley or trough from this false bow wave tends to neutralize the wave that would normally surge up around the bows of the boat.

The result is less drag around the hull and therefore greater speed. Elvstrom and his design partner, Jan Kjærulff, were convinced the bulb could boost a boat's speed to windward by 5%. They claimed the downwind speed could be pushed up by 8%.

At the time, those claims appeared to be fantastic. Elvstrom was harshly criticized by some of the biggest names in international yacht design. And yet he remained convinced. Even though he saw no immediate prospect of an America's Cup challenge, he set out to vindicate the bulb with the determination that had won him four Olympic gold medals.

The Elvstrom 12-meter never left the drawing boards, but a fortnight ago in a match-race series sailed on a boisterous Pacific Ocean course off Sydney, Australia, those extraordinary theories were tested in a radical Australian Six-meter yacht named *Prince Alfred*, a half-size



A revolutionary Aussie yacht with an underwater snout was thrashed by a U.S. boat, but its designer still believes it is more Wright than wrong

The bulb that didn't shine

model of the boat Elvstrom originally conceived for the cup. The fact that *Prince Alfred* was walloped four to nothing by the conventional American Six-meter *St. Francis VI* will undoubtedly be accepted as proof that Elvstrom's sailing genius does not extend to yacht design.

That is an assumption that could ultimately lead to the loss of the America's Cup. *Prince Alfred* was well and truly thrashed, there is no doubt about that, but let no one underestimate the value of that weird white torpedo beneath her bows. The consensus, even among the most hard-bitten cynics, was that it worked. *Prince Alfred* was beaten by a combination of factors other than the bulb. Her tiny teardrop keel, only one-third the size of the Americans' keel, came in for particular criticism. It simply could not grab the water the way its opponent's did. While *St. Francis* sailed high and fast in the violet seas, the Australian boat tended to lurch forward and sideways like some drunken crab.

But *Prince Alfred* consistently took

time out of the American lead on the fast surfing rides downward under spinnaker. And unlike what occurred in an elimination series between *Prince Alfred* and the Swedish world champion *May Be X*, *St. Francis* was usually so far in front at the first windward buoy on the Olympic course that the Australian boat had no chance of catching her.

The American-Australian Challenge Cup has been since 1967 a biennial series run alternately by the St. Francis Yacht Club in San Francisco and Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club. This year a Swedish challenge was accepted. *May Be X* had defeated a large fleet of the world's best Six-meters, and the Swedes came to Australia expecting not only to beat *Prince Alfred* but to dispose of *St. Francis* as well.

By defeating *May Be X* four races to one, *Prince Alfred* showed how devastating her downwind power could be: the Australian boat three times took the lead after being outclassed to windward. But the series also showed how vulnerable she

continued



A sound level meter took comparative decibel readings inside the Granada, Seville and Mercedes at 35 mph.



Test comparisons between the new Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and a new 1975 Mercedes-Benz 280—conducted at different speeds over a variety of road surfaces.

Can a 1976 Ford Granada match the smoothness and quiet of Cadillac and Mercedes...with a sticker price under \$4,000?

It is obvious enough to most that Ford Granada, Cadillac Seville and Mercedes-Benz 280 bear a strong resemblance in size and shape. But can a car sticker priced under \$4,000 offer aspects of smoothness and quiet found in \$12,000 cars?

A series of interior sound level and riding comfort tests were recently conducted, and some surprising answers emerged.

Test 1: Riding comfort

In the riding comfort tests, the vibration levels of a new Granada, Seville and a new 1975 Mercedes 280 were measured

over various road surfaces and speed conditions. In one of these tests the three cars were driven over a simulated rough road of irregularly spaced boards.

A sensitive electronic vibration recorder was used to plot each car's vibration levels at speeds of 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour. In all the various tests Granada consistently ranked first or second.

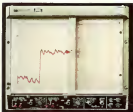
Test 2: Interior noise

In one of the interior noise level tests the three cars were driven over a smooth, measured road surface at about 55 mph.

A sound meter recorded decibel levels on the dBA scale inside each car. The results are reproduced in the chart below. All rode quietly. In all the tests, at varying speeds and road surfaces, the Granada actually rode a bit quieter than the Mercedes. Seville was slightly quieter.

Sound level in decibels at 55 mph.

CADILLAC SEVILLE	68.0
FORD GRANADA	67.5
MERCEDES-BENZ 280	68.5



Vibration recorder used in riding tests.



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Testing rule: 20, 30 and 40 miles per hour
over a track of irregularly spaced boards.

EPA test: Gas mileage

An important test of any car's performance today is its gas mileage. The 1976 Granada, with its standard 200 CID engine and manual transmission (not available in Calif.) received an official U.S. Government EPA estimate of 30 miles per gallon, highway, and 22 city.

Of course, your mileage will vary with the kind of driving you do, how you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition. But compare Granada's EPA ratings for yourself before you buy.

Personal comforts

Put Granada to this test yourself. We feel confident you'll find it well endowed in the passenger comforts. Designed for interior spaciousness—front and back. With plush cut-pile carpeting. Deep-

cushioned seats. Recessed control panel for added room. A remarkably smooth and quiet ride.

Now compare the feeling of comfort inside a new Ford Granada with any fine car of your choice.

Price: Under \$4,000

Ford Granada was designed to offer the classic style and comforts of some of the world's finest automobiles—at a sensible price.

Ford Granada's base sticker price: \$3,707 for the 2-Door, \$3,798 for the 4-Door, excluding taxes, title and destination charges (with 200 CID engine; not available in Calif.). Of course, you can add popular options such as automatic transmission, AM/FM radio, air conditioning...and very special luxury touches, as well.



Inside Granada: a rich look, a spacious feeling.

If you're looking for something special in a new car this year, visit your local Ford Dealer. Give the 1976 Ford Granada your closest inspection.

The closer you look, the better we look.
See your local Ford dealer.

The Granada 4-Door Sedan, \$3,798, with optional deluxe bumper group (\$61) and WS16 wheels (\$16).



FORD GRANADA

FORD DIVISION



was. The Australians moved their mast aft 9½ inches in a desperate attempt to improve the boat's pointing ability—and there was improvement—but even as they worked, a storm called David was whipping up the big seas and winds that eventually knocked her flat. Here was a boat designed specifically for the relatively light breezes of Rhode Island Sound in summer, not the wild rough-and-tumble of an Australian seaway.

During her early trials in comparatively calm conditions late last year she proved extremely fast, slipping along with an ease, effortless grace, with virtually no bow wave and only a flat bubbling stream to mark her path through the water. If those conditions had prevailed through January, *Prince Alfred* might today be hailed as a breakthrough.

But it became obvious from the very first race in the America vs. Australia series that this would be more a procession than a contest. The widest margin was three minutes 50 seconds in the second race, while the closest margin was one minute seven seconds in the last. It was hardly exciting sailing, although there were one or two dramatic moments. In the first race a foredeck hand fell overboard and *Prince Alfred* had to turn back and pluck him from the sea.

At the start of the second race, Elvstrom, who was aboard, tried to grab the helm from Australian skipper David Forbes. It was more out of frustration than anger, but it was the sort of clash that was inevitable on a boat whose crew included two of the most talented helmsmen in the world. There was no wrestling match, but Forbes was clearly shaken by the incident.

The following day Forbes announced that Elvstrom had accepted his offer to take command. Forbes was enough of a pragmatist to realize that if he could not get *Prince Alfred* going, perhaps the man who designed her might. Later Forbes acknowledged that Elvstrom had been able to do precisely that, but it was still not good enough. Elvstrom's boundless faith, his ability to will a boat to win, to inspire his crew, were not enough to overcome the disabilities that he himself had designed into the boat.

The naval architects who had come to watch the series and examine the bulb evidently were not impressed. American Doug Peterson, famous for his ocean-racing yachts, praised the shape of the bulb and Elvstrom's courage, then criticized the keel and left.

David Pedrick, the young man who worked closely with Olin Stephens on the design of the 1974 America's Cup defender *Courageous*, kept discreetly in the background.

Gary Mull, who designed *St. Francis* and also sailed aboard her, was the only one to offer any forthright comment. Mull was adamant that a bulb would not be part of the 1977 America's Cup defense candidate he is designing for a Californian syndicate headed by sailmaker Lowell North. He worked on the concept in New York 10 years ago when he and Olin Stephens considered using bulbs protruding from both the bow and the stern of the former America's Cup defender *Columbia*. They gave up after trying different bulb shapes, mostly circular in section, on tank-test models.

Mull's credo is "softly, softly, cathee monkey." Says he, "I believe that anytime someone tries for a big breakthrough in meter boats they fall flat on their noses. It happened to Britton Chance when he tried a cut-off underwater stern for *Mariner* and now it has happened to Elvstrom. I'd say that at the moment the bulb looks like a pretty hopeless proposition."

Tom Blackaller, skipper of the Amer-

ican Six, is not a designer but he is certain the bulb has been "an expensive gamble, a waste of time and money."

That seems an unreasonably harsh judgment. In pure racing terms the defeat was a fiasco, plain and simple. But here was a magnificent challenge, a chance for what may have been one of the greatest advances in yacht design. The fact that the boat failed cannot dim the courage of the men who were prepared to have a go.

And more fundamentally it should not deter other men who want to take up the same challenge. Elvstrom remains totally convinced that the bulb was right. He concedes that the keel may have been too small, but he also points to other areas, like the rig and the sails, that could have been better. He has returned to Copenhagen with a renewed determination that the bulb can be made to work.

After all, when Wilbur and Orville Wright crashed *Flyer One* they simply went out and built *Flyer Two*, and then *Flyer Three* before they succeeded in producing a practical airplane. Elvstrom is to make recommendations to the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club on design changes that could turn the flop into *Flyer Three*. And if that happens the America's Cup summer of 1977 may well see either a Swedish or an Australian Twelve with a bulbous bow.

The crew of *Mar X* took a detailed report on the bulb back to the Royal Swedish Yacht Club syndicate in Gothenburg that is to challenge for the cup next year. Jan Kjaerulf has already confirmed that the Swedes are interested. And with *Columbia* as a trial horse, they could come up with a formidable campaign. In Australia, Alan Bond is preparing to have another try for the cup despite the 4-0 drubbing his *Southern Cross* received in the 1974 series.

As for Elvstrom, he would like nothing better than to see a 12-meter with a bulbous bow sitting on the Newport Ship Yard ways with an Australian flag on her stern. He says he is prepared to act as a design consultant with the Australians.

"The Americans go on winning the cup," he said, "because they are excellent. I believe we have the capacity for excellence, too. We were beaten in Australia and I know why we were beaten. That knowledge only makes me more convinced that the bulb could eventually help win the America's Cup. I would love to give it a go."

END

THE PRINCE WAS BEST OFF THE WIND

Remember when you were in such a hurry to grow older?



At the time, thirteen seemed like a silly age. It was so... young.

And since growing up was taking so long, you decided to hurry nature along, and become Very Mature instantly.

As it turned out, the years didn't need any hurrying at all. The girl above trying to look like a Woman is now a Woman—and probably wondering, like yourself, how she got there so fast.

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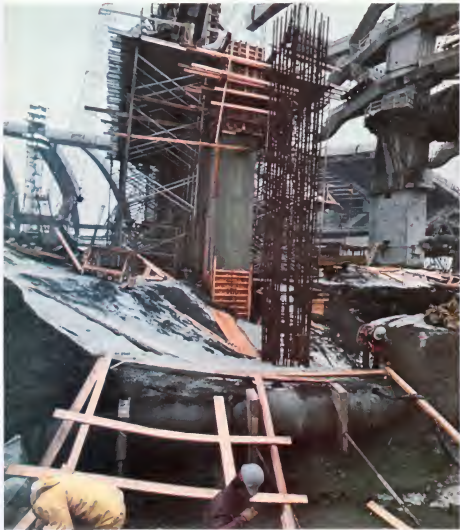
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OLYMPIC NIGHTMARE

It's hard to imagine, but in less than six months, when the cranes are gone and all 70,000 seats are in, athletes should be



FOR MONTREAL

BY SARAH PILEGGI

competing in the main stadium.



Beset by labor problems, rising costs, construction headaches and adverse weather, the city is racing the clock to get its facilities in working order for the opening of the Games on July 17

Light the flame and sound the trumpets. The Montreal Games will go on. They may be riddled with scandal, patched with epoxy and half a billion dollars in the red, but on July 17 an expected 11,138 athletes from 132 countries will march down the hill from the Olympic Village, pass under the Sherbrooke Street viaduct and enter the most expensive stadium ever built, Parisian architect Roger Taillibert's \$485 million centerpiece for what were to be the human-scale Olympics.

That was the message that Dr. Victor Goldbloom, the pediatrician-turned-politician who has served for the last 10 weeks as spokesman for the Olympic Installations Board (OIB), delivered to a press conference in Montreal last week, just hours before he and Roger Roussseau, the head of the Olympic organizing committee (COJO), flew to Innsbruck to report to Lord Killanin and the International Olympic Committee. "Today," said Goldbloom, first in French, then in English, "I am able to state that as long as we have the continuing cooperation of everyone concerned, and this is a vital point, we expect to be able to provide a stadium and swimming pool which will be ready for the holding of the Games."

"Ready," said the good doctor, but not complete. "Adequate," he said, and "sufficient" and "usable." It is a mildly ironic fact that what started out to be a \$310 million, no-frills Olympics but ballooned into a \$1.2 billion extravaganza, the costliest in history, will, in the end, be a \$1.2 billion no-frills Olympics. Caught up in a nightmare of shrinking time and swelling costs brought on by poor planning, needless early delays, un-

continued

familiar construction techniques, confounding labor problems and galloping inflation, the Montreal Olympics are being scaled down from the monumental to the possible to meet the deadline, only six months away.

The first element of Taillibert's grand design to go was the 525-foot leaning tower of training rooms and restaurants called the "mast" that was to loom 18 stories over the stadium floor and hold in its shaft the mechanism for raising and lowering the retractable stadium roof—the "membrane." Together, the mast and the membrane were to be the 1976 Olympic landmark. The latter, yellow inside and silver out, was to be visible from 10 miles away as it opened like a parachute on cables suspended from the mast. Mast and membrane were to take their place in architectural history alongside those other celebrated symbols—the Eiffel Tower, the Tylon and Perisphere, the Space Needle. But neither tower nor roof was essential to the conduct of the Games in July, so their completion was postponed until next winter, and perhaps indefinitely if Ottawa remains adamant in its refusal to bail out La Belle Province.

"It was necessary for us to start again from the beginning," said Goldbloom at his press conference last week. "That is, in the sense of redoing our critical path, to know if it was possible to complete useful facilities in time for the Games."

In the language of architects and engineers, "critical path" means the schedule of construction by which the dead-

line for completion of a project can best be met. In November, when the provincial government created the Olympic Installations Board to take over from Montreal responsibility for the floor-raising construction of the main stadium, the mast, the swimming hall and the adjacent velodrome, it was obvious that the existing critical path had wandered off into the woods somewhere and that a new one would have to be drawn up.

The new schedule arrived at by OIB calls for two 11-hour shifts a day on the stadium site, six days a week. At present there are some 2,800 men working days and 750 at night. The average weekly paycheck is between \$600 and \$700, but a chatty taxi driver can tell you about a young friend of his who operates a crane and averages \$1,100 a week. "He is 20 years old and he has \$40,000 in the bank. He raises his crane once a day for half an hour. The rest of the time he sleeps inside the crane where it is warm. It is a long day, you know." At last count there were 52 cranes on the maddy floor of the stadium.

The success of the new critical path hinges entirely on the goodwill of the work force. When Goldbloom referred to "the continuing cooperation of everyone concerned" he meant the unions. Striking is the provincial pastime in Quebec. Everybody strikes, and often. The national lottery to determine who should be allowed to purchase tickets to the opening and closing ceremonies was a monumental flop mainly because the scheme involved buying a postcard at a post office and the postal workers struck. There have been 17 weeks of direct strikes by construction workers on the sites of the stadium and the Village and almost as many days have been lost in slowdowns, protests and walkouts.

Among OIB's first concerns was the improvement of morale among workers. A program of daily talks with on-site labor representatives was initiated and the seven-day work week was cut to six. The harassment of workers by local police who had been empowered to make random identity checks to weed out suspected troublemakers was brought under control.

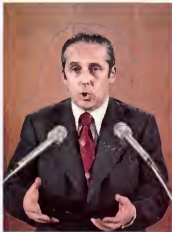
Goldbloom and his associates labored hard to make collaborators out of former adversaries. "It seems to me," he



said, "at this time, and I would hope at any future time, that if anyone would come along and suggest to these people that they should interrupt their work that their response would be, 'Our pride is involved in getting this completed and we are going to stay on the job and complete it.' " Pride or no, the province-wide labor contract in the construction industry expires April 30 and the unions are now drafting their new proposals.

Even if all goes well on the labor front, however, many shortcuts are going to have to be taken in order to reach the goal in time. There will be a considerably larger percentage of temporary seating than was originally intended in the stadium and in the swim hall. There will be portable temporary toilets and wash-room facilities in many parts of the stadium. There will be temporary electricity and temporary telephones and the offices of officials that were planned for the levels below the grandstands will instead be located outside the stadium in prefabricated temporary buildings. The press center, originally designed for the main stadium, has been transferred to a downtown office building miles away. "It will be finished in time, but it will be a skeleton only," said Guy Pinard of *La Presse*, Montreal's leading French-language newspaper. "It was supposed to be a big park and instead it will look like a housing development."

Construction on the swimming hall, the cause of great concern for months, is finally moving forward, and the engineer-



Unlike other Olympic officials, *Parabellator* Goldbloom has not put his foot in his mouth.



This is, or will be, the swimming hall, once the scaffolding goes and the pool is dug.

ing staff has collectively exhaled at last. The hall is located in the foundation of the now truncated mast, and all the technical problems of anchoring that gigantic tilted tower had to be solved before construction could begin on the arched roof of the hall and the pools. The forest of scaffolding that supported the precast concrete forms of the roof as they were set in place is now being removed, and the 50-meter competition pool and the diving well are being excavated. A second 50-meter training pool is another last-minute scratch.

When Goldbloom and the OIB took over in November the credibility of Mayor Jean Drapeau and the officials of COJO was at an alltime low. Practices of obfuscation and indirection maintained over a period of years had gradually driven the Montreal press into a siege mentality that was not easily dislodged. Goldbloom's promises of frankness and regularly scheduled monthly tours of the construction site were reassuring, but problems continued to plague the Games, and each time a new one surfaced the Montreal papers leaped on it and wrestled it to the ground.

BIG SQUEEZE FACES 11,000 OLYMPIC ATHLETES
ICE CRACKED STADIUM RIBS, BOARD ADMITS
OLYMPICS ARE FACING CANCELLATION: STADIUM PROBLEMS PILE UP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON

ONLY SIX MONTHS TO GO! OLYMPIC TASK SEEMS NEAR IMPOSSIBLE

Some problems were real, some were rumors, almost all were surmountable. But solutions do not make such electrifying headlines. When project engineers said that the cracks in nine of the stadium's concrete cantilever beams, caused by water seeping into the cable ducts and freezing, could be mended with epoxy and would cause no delays, skepticism was rampant, even though the same epoxy is a basic component of the precast, poststressed concrete and steel cable construction that is being used throughout the village.

"There are cries of doom just as there are shouters of good tidings," wrote Montreal *Star* columnist George Hanson in mid-January. "And of late there have been those shifting from one to the other at 24-hour intervals just to keep the pot boiling."

And the pot boiled on. Two sections of the technical ring that joins the stadium's ribs 165 feet above the stadium floor were 10 inches off line. The engineers insisted that the error was of no great importance, the ring being a service element, meant to house lighting, heating and wiring for television, not a structural segment.

The Olympic Village, four 19-story apartment buildings that look like cross sections of an Aztec pyramid, was built to house 4,000 people in 982 units after the Olympics, but during the Games it would be required to accommodate more than 11,000 athletes and team functionaries. The builders defended themselves, saying they planned temporary partitions in the apartments for privacy, that they expected to house 1,750 of the visitors on floors eventually intended to be a shopping center, that there would be 322 temporary toilets and 1,279 temporary sinks and showers installed and that congestion on the 12 permanent elevators would be relieved by the addition of eight outdoor construction elevators.

A problem that was real and one that nobody could explain away was the coldest January in 74 years. For two days work at the stadium had to be halted when temperatures reached 22 below and gusting winds made the wind chill factor minus 85. However, a freaky thaw set in during the last week of the month and

for a couple of days all of Montreal seemed to be melting and sliding downhill toward the St. Lawrence.

In a state of siege and recurring crisis, survival can be dependent on humor, and lately the gallows variety has been rising like bubbles in a tar pit. "My long-time support for the Montreal Olympics," wrote *Gazette* columnist Charles Lynch, "has been based in part on the feeling that the Games are a war substitute. It begins to look as though we would have done better to settle for World War III."

And George Hanson, discussing the theory that a solution to the enormous problems of hosting the Olympics might be a rotation of four or five host cities, wrote, "Montreal could apply for 1984. Surely by then everything will be finished."

There seems no doubt that the taxpayers of Quebec are going to be saddled with an Olympian debt for all their pains. And the civic scandals over who is being paid how much for what and why will probably reverberate through Montreal politics for years to come. And all those questions about the Games, how to keep them from ruining the fiscal health of cities, how to protect them from politics and terror and gigantism and exploitation, are still without answers.

The marvel of it is that in spite of all that, July 17 can't come soon enough.

For a profile of the man most deeply involved with these Olympic problems, turn the page.



Construction is lagging, but as far as the workers are concerned, things are looking up.

Meet Sir Michael Marris, the third Baron Killanin of County Galway, Ireland, better known as Lord Killanin, the president of the International Olympic Committee and a man with a nice, Celtic way of getting things done



LORD OF THE GAMES

BY CLIVE GAMMON

By 7:30 p.m. the last of the local Swiss businessmen has finished his *gros tonique* and gone; only a small group of foreigners remains in the stainless-steel and black-leather elegance of the cocktail bar at the Lausanne-Palace Hotel, and one of them is becoming noticeably agitated, shifting from foot to foot, repeatedly looking at his watch.

In the end he can no longer contain his impatience. "The filets of porch!" bursts out the Comte de Beaumont. "They will be completely spoiled!"

The plump Irishman in his early 60s to whom this appeal is addressed doesn't seem to notice. Holding a glass charged with Scotch and Perrier water, rarely tasting it, he goes on talking bubbly,

about horse racing, salmon fishing in County Galway, anything except the business of the meeting that had closed 90 minutes earlier at the Château de Vidy nearby. The Comte becomes visibly more anguished at the thought of his delicate fish fresh from Lake Geneva curling up in the kitchen. Again he urges that now, at once, the party should move into the restaurant.

And this time he gains a response. "Have another drink," advises the plump man in a soothing tone, and returns to his somewhat hilarious tale of driving a bus into a bomb crater one dark night in Wales during World War II. The Comte mutters mutinously, and the bomb story stops. Abruptly.

"I, your president," thunders Sir Michael Morris, the third Baron Killanin, "command you to have another drink!" It is a joke, of course. A schoolboy grin belies the tone of voice. Nevertheless, Comte Jean de Beaumont, member of the International Olympic Committee since 1951, Lord Killanin's rival for the presidency in the 1972 election at Munich, a man of awe-inspiring seniority in the Olympics movement, finds it diplomatic to signal the barman and join in the laughter when the story climaxes. The brief moment of tension has dissolved. In the four years since Avery Brundage, standing with conscious drama at the head of an ornate staircase in Munich's neo-Gothic Maximilianeum, seat of the Bavarian Parliament, announced the successful candidature of Lord Killanin, there has been no shortage of extravagant comparisons. Killanin is the new Pope John, sent to heal the scars of 20 years of autocratic Brundage rule. He is a Renaissance man: wit, scholar, soldier, administrator, with all the talents needed to drag the Olympic Games into the last quarter of the 20th century. Indeed, to save them.

But the undoubted first impression Killanin makes on a stranger—and he is very good with strangers—is, in one word, Pickwickian. He is a florid, handsome man who laughs a lot; "fair of flesh," in the old Scots phrase, a pleasant way of saying that he carries far too much weight to make an insurance agent happy. But he has a genial, commanding presence and an instant likability; he is a man totally without false dignity. Ruefully, after a long session of the executive board at the Château de Vidy, he said, "If I try for reelection in 1980, just remember to kick my bottom, will you?" His language can be highly colored enough when he is winding down from a hard committee meeting, but normally it is an odd mélange of upper-class sporting and military jargon ("I gave him a rocket") and newspaperman's talk ("just an agency piece").

Not off that odd, though. His career has encompassed all these things. In the 1930s he worked for the London *Daily Express*, in its great days under the brilliant editor, Arthur Christiansen; was fired for failing to check out a story ("a

highly unimportant one," he says), walked across Fleet Street to the *Daily Mail*, got twice the salary and ended up as its war correspondent in the Sino-Japanese War. He came home in 1938 and volunteered for the Sixtieth Rifles when he heard the news of Neville Chamberlain's Munich agreement with Hitler. On D day, by this time a major, he went ashore with the 30th Armored Brigade, for which he earned the MBE. (By coincidence, his wife Sheila, whom he didn't meet until the war was over, was at the same time also earning an MBE. She was in British Intelligence, and says that even now she doesn't believe she's allowed to talk about what she did.)

And that, as far as a colorful life goes, might have been that. After the war Killanin, who had succeeded to his title as a schoolboy, went back to Ireland and rebuilt the family house at Spiddal, County Galway, which had been burned down in the civil war succeeding Irish independence in the 1920s. "A moment of madness," he now judges it. "I realized I was building a kind of yacht that was anchored forever and was highly expensive—and I don't like living behind the walls of an estate cut off from people. I haven't the landlord mentality, anyway."

The reasons may not be all that obvious to a non-Irishman. On the paternal side Killanin's family is solid Catholic and Irish, with its roots in County Galway—a Richard Morris was bailiff of Galway in 1486. Although the estate at Spiddal had been secured when George Morris married an heiress in 1684, by religion and nationality the Morris were scarcely part of the absentee landlord tradition responsible for so much Irish misery. The men tended to go into the professions, especially the law or the army. It was Killanin's grandfather, in the more liberal atmosphere of the later 19th century, who became the first Catholic lord chief justice of Ireland and, in 1900, plain Michael Morris was created Baron Killanin of Galway, County Galway, in ordinary usage Lord Killanin or, more properly, the Lord Killanin, the title that the President of the International Olympic Committee now holds as a peer of the United Kingdom, not of Ireland. The distinction is important. Killanin has a seat in the House of Lords (and a per

dium expense allowance of \$27.95 for each attendance). These days an Irish peerage carries no privileges or rights.

Not that he turns up at Westminster very often. But he takes typical pleasure in producing his House of Lords credentials when security guards at Dublin Airport demand identification. The mixture of respect and suspicion he gets, he says, is always rewarding.

It is possible to read more into the habit than the mischievousness so characteristic of his lordship. By blood, by domicile, by the passport he carries, he is an Irishman, a citizen of the Republic. In many other ways he carries the unmistakable hallmarks of the English upper class: his accent and the way he dresses, in typical 1930s fashion—the good narrow-lapelled suit, the narrow dark tie, the heavy gold wristwatch peeking through immaculate cuffs. And his upbringing was immaculate also, though he never knew his father, the Honorable George Morris, who was killed 33 days after the birth of his son while leading the first attack of the Irish Guards on the Western Front in September 1914.

At Eton, Magdalene College, Cambridge, the Sorbonne, the Renaissance-man talents showed early—boxing and rowing at school, presidency of the dramatics club and literary editorship of *Varsity Weekly* at Cambridge. Killanin had already inherited his title in 1927 when his bachelor uncle died. It would be hard to invent a more glittering entry for *Who's Who* or a more English one. And yet there is no question that in many ways he is as Irish as Mooney's Bar in Grafton Street, Dublin.

There is no real contradiction. Killanin is a product of that extraordinary cross-fertilization of two cultures—the English and the Irish—that produced a galaxy of talent and even genius out of all proportion to its numbers, from Edmund Burke through W. B. Yeats to Field Marshal Montgomery. Typically, though Killanin is Catholic, the family tradition is for the men to marry Protestants. And the dark side of the Anglo-Irish tradition—the intolerance, the brutal landlordism—is absent from his own family history.

Perhaps that was why, after the war, he couldn't settle to the life of a country

continued



The Horseshot.

(Smirnoff, tomato juice and horseradish.)

Someone, it seems, is always trying to improve on the Bloody Mary. But only rarely do we run across a variant we consider successful.

Recently we discovered just such a happy exception when a ski-touring friend stopped through and suggested we try a Horseshot.

"It has a pleasantly rambunctious edge to it," was his claim, "like the flavor of that red cocktail sauce that you never quite get enough of."

We agree with our friend and also with his simple rule for enjoying The Horseshot: "I save it for après-ski."



To make a Horseshot, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Fill with tomato juice, add horseradish to taste and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

squire. His "moment of madness" passed. He sold the Spiddal house to an American, leaving only the little Episcopal church his Catholic grandfather built for his Protestant grandmother and, because it didn't look like a church, converted it into a summer place mainly for his four children to use. That and his sentimental insistence on County Galway license plates for his car are his main connections now with the west of Ireland. He's an urban man, a Dublin man, a city, he'll tell you, he loves living in.

If he rejected country life, he also turned down journalism after the war. "I didn't want to travel a lot," he says dismissively, though he didn't find it as easy as all that to get the ink out of his system; for years he made it a habit to take an early evening drink at the old Pearl, a pub favored by staff men from the *Irish Times*. These days, with the Pearl closed, he picks up the gossip at Stephen's Green Club, a somewhat more sedate gathering place for gentlemen close by the Shelbourne Hotel, which allows ladies in only for meals.

Settled in Dublin, in the beautiful old Georgian house on Lansdowne Road, close to the Irish national rugby stadium, he plunged into a life even more hectic than the journalism he had abandoned. There were episodes of movie-making—in 1957 he and John Ford produced *The Rising of the Moon*. He also assisted on the productions of *The Quiet Man*, *Gideon's Day* and *The Playboy of the Western World* and coauthored the authoritative *Shelf Guide to Ireland*. He still wrote an occasional article for newspapers in the United States and Europe and also published—it is a measure of his versatility—a life of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the 17th-century painter. Above all, though, beginning in 1947 when he joined the board of Irish Shell, he began to build up the business interests he still maintains, buzzing about Ireland in his cream Lancia to attend meetings of the 15 companies, from the Ulster Bank to Northern Electric, on whose boards he serves.

His extraordinary vitality, and the tradition of voluntary service which is one of the more appealing aspects of the class from which he springs, made him look around for more work. As early as 1950 he became president of the Olympic Council of Ireland. There could have been no better or tougher apprenticeship

for the high office he would assume in Munich in 1972.

In divided Ireland even sport suffers political backlash. Killanin still recalls the lord mayor of Belfast receiving Irish medal-winning athletes after the Melbourne Games, some of whom, from the North, were actually wearing the Republican tricolor on their blazer badges. An unimportant detail, one might think. In fact, given the extremes of bigotry in that unhappy city, it was a very liberal, and possibly even a dangerous, act. Technically athletes from Northern Ireland have the freedom to choose to represent either Ireland or Britain. In practice it depends on the sport. Boxers normally wear the Green, track and field athletes the Union Jack. And religion can complicate matters still further. In Northern Ireland there is reluctance, because of the Protestant tradition, to take part in Sunday meets. In the Republic they are the rule. There's a single all-Ireland rugby team, for instance, but two separate soccer teams in international competition. Killanin grappled with this kind of problem for more than 20 years—he finally resigned from the Irish Olympic presidency in 1972. The problem of Taiwan and China, Killanin says, may be bigger, because of the numbers involved, than anything he came up against in Irish sport, but it isn't any more complex.

His Irish nationality, too, helped Killanin in another way. "In the 20 years I've been on the IOC," he points out, "we've recognized over 60 new national Olympic Committees—all countries that have won independence in the recent past. When the Olympic movement started, there were only two republics in Europe—all the others were monarchies. It's something I'm very conscious of as an Irishman. I can understand the problems of the new countries—or at least, I can appreciate them—because Ireland was the first of these new independent nations."

Such a consideration as this must have been in the minds of delegates when they voted for Killanin—unofficially 39 of them (including, it's said, the East European bloc) against de Beaumont's 29—in spite of Killanin's title and his comfortable Anglo-Saxon manner. But many must also have been aware of his growing stature inside the Olympic administration as a man brilliantly able to handle people, a man who could be as

resolute as Brundage was, but infinitely more diplomatic and liberal.

"All the big troubles in IOC meetings came late at night after overlong sessions," Killanin says. "I insist now that everybody stops working at six p.m." He might well have been thinking of a meeting that went on until one a.m. at the Radzwill Palace in Warsaw in 1969, when he was vice-president to Brundage. All through the evening, into the early morning, Killanin, by then a member of the IOC executive, and his liberal supporters had been hammering through a new rule—which Brundage felt would erode the true amateur spirit of the movement—that permitted athletes to train for up to 60 days in a year at a specialist camp. At the end of that meeting Killanin came out and told reporters there was agreement on the new rule. The wire services rushed off the news. Next morning, at a formal press conference, Brundage was asked his opinion of the 60-day rule. He was silent for a moment, shuffled his papers and peered at them. "Just a minute," he said. "I'll have to read that again. Well, now, I think that this may have to be rewritten." Killanin, eyewitnesses say, sat there without batting an eyelid, even though he knew that a knife was being driven firmly into his back. Privately, after the conference, he told friends that Brundage had gone back on his word and that he had maneuvered to do so in public, which made it impossible for him to be contradicted.

There was another notable setback for Killanin and his liberal allies a year later, at the Amsterdam meeting. As far back as 1967 private approaches to Red China had been made by certain IOC members. Behind Brundage's back, of course; ever since 1956, when the Chinese had insulted him in classic style by calling him an imperialist lackey, he had scarcely tried to disguise his hatred of them. At this point there was no chance of the Chinese coming back to the Games immediately, but a tenuous relationship, a rapport with an eye to the future, had been established.

It seems probable that Brundage had received private word of this, because at the executive board meeting, when the names of new members of the IOC came up for votes, Brundage remarked, "There's another one to add. It's a Mr. Henry Hsu of Taiwan." Killanin and his friends were horrified. If the Taiwanese

continued

made the committee, all contacts in Mainland China would be dead ducks. When it came to the vote Mr. Hsu was unanimously rejected.

At the full assembly two days later, though, Brundage announced from the chair, "The executive board has looked at new members and recommends the following for election: Mr. X., Mr. Y., Mr. Z. and Mr. Henry Hsu. . . ." Killanin went under the table, Brundage said, swiftly and formally, "Any objections? All in favor. . . ." So Mr. Hsu was elected on the basis of an undisguised lie which set back by several years any notion of the Chinese Republic coming into the Olympics.

By then relations between Killanin and Brundage had deteriorated considerably; indeed, it is said that the old man privately opposed his candidature in 1972. There had been a time when things were different, when Killanin seemed to be the blue-eyed boy and the perfect aide to Brundage. In 1966, for example, came the Irishman's first official appointment, as chief of protocol to the International Olympic Committee. On paper this didn't seem very important. It was Killanin's responsibility to ensure, let's say, that King Constantine of Greece and the Grand Duke of Luxembourg had the right seats in the right rows at ceremonies. In reality, though, he fulfilled a somewhat more pragmatic role. One of the first jobs the president gave him was to close up a security gap. Brundage was becoming more and more irritated to find himself leaving a meeting for the lunch-time break only to be intercepted by journalists, often Frenchmen from *L'Equipe*, who asked questions making it plain that they were fully aware of everything that had been discussed during the morning.

Suspicion fell on a senior IOC member. It was noted that, far more often than nature would normally demand, he would excuse himself from a meeting to visit the men's room.

So when the IOC met at Rome early in Killanin's career as *chef de protocol*, he went to the manager of the Excelsior Hotel and demanded the key of the Yellow Room. Once the session started, he locked the door. Anyone who wanted to leave had to ask Killanin for the key. While not going so far as actually to accompany the committee member to the lavatory, Killanin kept ostentatious note of the duration of his absence. This was

enough to obtain the desired effect. Killanin recalls that there was one moment when he realized he needed to obey a call of nature himself. He left the Yellow Room and locked the others in. "I felt like throwing the key away," he now recalls. "Perhaps we'd have been all better off." Although he had been a member of the IOC since 1952, he had not seen the workings of the inner circle until then. "I have the greatest respect for my predecessor," he said recently, "but he came from a certain generation."

Inside the Olympic movement Killanin made his main impact after he became a vice-president in 1968, especially in the way he handled the sports federations. Previously, when they met the IOC executive, they were seated at desks while Avery Brundage and three or four others sat on a stage above them, and Brundage would say, "Well, gentlemen, we've looked at this and that and this is what we think." They would murmur dutifully, and go out. Killanin handled things differently. He would book a suite in, say, London's Grosvenor House and meet the federations one by one, sitting down with them and talking out problems. Killanin says he learned more about the Olympic movement at these meetings than in all the time since he had joined it in 1952.

Naturally, as an old Fleet Street man, he is superbly gifted at handling the press. He is thoughtful, carefully spelling out a difficult Japanese name at a press conference or apologizing that there's not much of a story. Afterward, abandoning his IOC colleagues, he will join the press. "Now that's over," he'll say, "let's all get drunk!" He doesn't mean it, but it's the surest way to their hearts. It almost makes up for his infuriating habit of saying something devastating and adding, smilingly, "That's off the record, of course."

Such meetings with the press tend to take place after sessions at Olympic headquarters, the Château de Vidy, an 18th-century country house on the shores of Lake Geneva. It is a fine and stately setting, though Killanin recalls delightedly that the first time he attended a meeting as president he found embarrassed Swiss policemen trying to scrub out some student slogans that were somewhat complimentary to the IOC. (You can still see the pale patch on the outer wall.)

Administratively, Killanin works

closely with the permanent director of the IOC, Mme. Monique Berlioux, a matronly, intelligent-looking blonde Frenchwoman with a slightly intimidating squariness of jaw and a smile that tends to be snapped off short. It is said that in Brundage's time Mme. Berlioux had considerable administrative power, and before he died last year the old man is believed to have asked her to edit the personal papers concerned with the 20 years of his presidency. Her working relations with Killanin, according to old Château de Vidy hands, are perhaps not as close, more those of a civil servant to a minister. Killanin, indeed, has been noticed not exactly to rebuke her, but to remind her of boundaries when she has seemed to stray into the executive decision-making zone.

At the Dublin house it's Norma Mac Manaway, an Irishwoman, who brings order to the complexity of international travel and meetings that since 1972 has made it all too easy to call Killanin the Kissinger of world sport. She tends the clattering telex machine in the basement and carries coffee up to the warm study that used to be the bedroom. There, easily, articulately, with a precision he claims comes from his journalistic and boardroom backgrounds, Killanin outlines his philosophy, puffing away at the pipe he says he smokes too much and which, a business acquaintance once claimed exasperatedly, he uses to hypnotize the opposition—"he sits back in a cloud of blue smoke, waving the damn thing like a clarinet, and then you're too distracted to think straight. . . ."

Killanin himself thinks straight enough to realize, as the pragmatist he is, that it will be a triumph for him simply to keep the Games in existence. "If the 1984 Games are firmly programmed when I leave the presidency in 1980, I'll have preserved the physical shape of the Olympics. Don't forget that they have clearly been in danger."

The danger, or some of the worst dangers, he believes spring from nationalism and the manipulation of the Games for political purposes. "People waving flags cause more trouble. . . . I'd love to see the anthem-playing and the flag-raising go. But I have made no progress at all toward this. Even if their flag never goes up, even if their anthem is never played, most National Olympic Committees want to keep the present protocol.

Political pressures increase all the time, and too much was swept under the carpet in the past. The Chinese problem is the biggest because you're dealing with—800 million people, is it? It seems to go up by half a million every time I pick up the paper. And then you get sudden ones, like Cyprus, which has applied for membership. In the middle of a fluid situation you don't want to recognize a purely Turkish or a purely Greek community, but is there going to be any reintegration? And remember, I have to treat an application from the Cayman Islands exactly the way I would one from China."

Not only the Montreal situation, but politics, the danger of a TV takeover of the Games and vaguer problems such as overgrowth fill Killanin's days. "Giganticism!" he says wearily. "When I was on the *Daily Express* they used to have this list of words we weren't allowed to use. I've now added 'giganticism' to it. Whatever you call it, it's just the result of success. It's very hard to cut anything back, just as in business if you increase somebody's salary it's nearly impossible to reduce it again. I can see the time coming—but well after my own time—when the Games might be spread over a wide area, say Benelux (Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg) or the geographic British Isles. But the main thing is to keep bringing people together. So many people want to compete, it leads to great criticism—but it is a symptom of success."

Nevertheless, though he is too circumspect to name them, Killanin sees certain sports dropping out of the Olympics in the future "because they are expensive or not widely practiced enough." Team games—soccer, especially, since it has its World Cup—are possibly more likely candidates for omission in the future than individual events, although boxing was clearly in Killanin's mind when he said he preferred sports that could be judged objectively by the clock and tape measure rather than by the human eye. "There is difficulty in obtaining sufficient judges and referees of the right standard," he says diplomatically.

The mellifluous English voice flows on. Killanin has been widely praised for his undramatic, effective whittling away of the more absurdly simon-pure aspects of Olympic amateurism; in his first year in office alone his revision of the rules of eligibility of athletes, for the eligibility of

women for IOC office, of the old high-horse attitudes to the international sports federations has been, in IOC terms, revolutionary. But "his" is the right word. Just as in Brundage's time, the president has absolute power; there is no democracy even on the executive board of the IOC. Killanin is not given to storming or shouting; he exercises his power discreetly but fully. "He's got this nice, fey, Celtic way of pleasing people, flattering them a little, appearing to be impressed by them, saying, 'That's an awfully good point. I really think we should take that up.' Then he goes on his own way, but he is awfully good at disguising that. People are left with the warm feeling that they've contributed something." The speaker, a boardroom colleague, also mutters something about "all things to all men," but such a wry reaction is rare. In the old-fashioned sense of the word Killanin is a charming man, and never more than when, in the middle of a formal interview, he reveals that he is human enough to relish small flatteries himself. One fumbles for a match; Killanin offers his own, then waits for the chubby profile on the scarlet match cover to be recognized. "They made me Irish Pipe-man of the Year," he says with a mock-modest grimace. "I beat Jack Lynch [the ex-Prime Minister of Ireland] for the title, how's that? They sent me a whole carton of these things. The National University has just sent me this, too"—he holds out a scroll in a green morocco leather case. "It's an honorary LL.D.—doctor of laws. Ever since I became president of the IOC I've been collecting medals." (*Who's Who*, in fact, records eight major orders of merit, from the Order of the Sacred Treasure of Japan to the French Legion of Honor, besides a cluster of lesser decorations.)

On the whole, Killanin seems more pleased with his presentation matches than any of the other honors. The Anglo-Irish ambivalence is not the only one in Killanin's personality: although a liberal, he is a conservative in performance and by instinct, especially in small things. He prefers to dine at the Lafayette Restaurant of the Royal Hibernian Hotel in Dublin. "It may be the best and the nicest," he says. "I know all the waiters, you see. They've been there a very long time. I used to like Le Moulin d'Or in London, but George and Jack are both dead now." He also suffers from that

most Tory of complaints, the gout, so that he no longer drinks wine, but simply "whisky." Scotch whisky, that is, without the "e," not Irish whisky, a notable lurch onto the Anglo side of his upbringing which he dismisses with, "If you travel a lot, it's sometimes hard to get hold of Irish." He winks heavily, to indicate that a patriotic Irishman must have some kind of excuse.

For this reason, perhaps, it would be a grave mistake to believe that the Olympic ideal of amateurism died with Avery Brundage, that under Killanin's regime athletes will eventually perform in vests as highly decorated with sponsors' names as Formula 1 Grand Prix cars. "We obviously have to try to be more rational about eligibility," he says, and has demonstrated it by permitting athletes to train full-time for as long as they like and by allowing broken-time payments and other financial help.

Killanin always had a neat riposte for those who feel that perhaps he doesn't understand the position of the professional athlete. "After all," he'd say, "my son is a professional jump jockey."

Killanin is a man deeply involved with his family, especially close to his daughter and three sons. At a Lausanne meeting last year he was eager to be away, to fly to Edinburgh, where his daughter Deborah, married to a theater director, was expecting her second child. Redmond, the eldest, is a film director in London, and there are twin boys, John and Michael. John is a free-lance photographer, Michael a steeplechase jockey who did well as an amateur and then went pro in March of 1974. "Mouse" Morris, as he is called on the track, has the not-too-common record of three completions in three successive Grand Nationals between 1972 and 1974, and failed to ride in 1975 only because his mount was sold on the eve of the race.

Killanin is now in Innsbruck to observe the Winter Games. Of the Montreal difficulties he said last week, "I'm philosophical. If something goes wrong, there is nothing one can do except try and help it. I don't stay awake worrying. If I did, I would worry so much that I wouldn't know what to do." Knowing what to do is his specialty. It is a talent that has already served the Olympic movement well and, in spite of the looming complexity and scale of its problems, seems likely to continue to do so. **END**



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SUPER STEELERS II

Sir:

For an avid Dallas Cowboy fan, the Super Bowl loss was a bitter pill to swallow. But thanks to a few days of recuperation and your article (*Dallas Feels the Steeler Crunch*, Jan. 26), I've regained my appetite and can now sleep at night. Dan Jenkins' story made me realize that the Cowboys have a lot to be proud of. Their tremendous season fell just one miracle short of the ultimate goal.

STEVE ZERULL

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sir:

Is there any question, any doubt, that Pittsburgh is the finest defensive team playing football today?

M. T. ROBINSON

Hollywood

Sir:

The Pittsburgh Steelers played an exceptionally good game, as illustrated in your article. However, keep in mind the final score: 21-17. With only a four-point difference, don't you think Dallas deserved at least one photograph depicting a successful Cowboy play?

BOB THOMPSON

Kennett Square, Pa.

Sir:

Cowboy Cornerback Mark Washington has no reason to feel bad. Pittsburgh's No. 88, Lynn Swann, could catch a snowflake in a wind tunnel. I'm a Dallas fan from way back, but, my, that Swann can fly!

PAUL HARRINGTON

Toronto, Ontario

RUTGERS' CLAIMS TO FAME

Sir:

Thanks for the article on Rutgers' fine basketball team (*Fresh Rapids on the Old Raritan*, Jan. 26). During the past two or three seasons, Eastern teams like Rutgers, Syracuse and Pitt (I wish I could say West Virginia) have had very successful basketball campaigns, but they have rarely gotten nationwide publicity. Rutgers is a super team and, like every other Eastern basketball fan, I hope it doesn't choke near the finish.

BOB JACOBS

Charleston, W. Va.

Sir:

It is discouraging, disgusting and disappointing to note the publicity given Rutgers. Even though the Scarlet Knights won't play

a Top Ten team, you rank them No. 1 in the East. Do you honestly believe they could defeat Maryland or Carolina or any ACC school? Their undefeated status only reflects their patty schedule.

STEVEN D. NEWMARK

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

Larry Koith's article contains a slight error that I believe you would want called to your attention. It is the reference to Rutgers alumnus Joyce Kilmer's home being an American Legion Post. This is no longer correct. In 1969 the State of New Jersey's Historical Sites Division purchased the Kilmer home to preserve it as a historical landmark. On June 29, 1972 a group of interested citizens formed the Joyce Kilmer Birthplace Restoration Committee, and the home has since been leased to this committee by the state. In 1973 American Legion Post No. 25, which had occupied the building for many years, joined with the nearby Maltown American Legion Post.

JOHN V. DONNELLY

Trustee

Joyce Kilmer Birthplace Association
New Brunswick, N.J.

TACKY TOUR

Sir:

The contrast presented in your Jan. 26 issue between The Tacky Triangle (*An Honest Travel Story*) and Sanibel Island (*Island Paradise, Perhaps*) is noteworthy. As a native of Florida (I grew up two miles from the Monkey Jungle), I can only wish that the attitudes that are saving Sanibel had prevailed statewide 30 years ago, when Florida was still fresh, open and uncrowded. Ironically, the developers and hucksters destroyed everything that made southern Florida a place people wanted to visit. Instead of a semitropical bounty, there is now Asphalt Ugly. The only thing unspoiled is the sunshine—and, let us hope, Sanibel.

ARLETTE FONTAINE MILLER

Richmond

Sir:

All we can say about Frank Deford's article is that Florida is a great place to live, but we wouldn't want to visit it.

ALAN AND HARBET GORDON

Jacksonville

Sir:

Frank Deford is to be commended for a fine tribute to The Tacky Triangle. Now I

know that I've got to see Cypress Gardens and the Aquamania's pyramid. Four pillow-maps! Gee!

FRED STEDTLER

Old Tappan, N.J.

Sir:

For any of your readers who fear The Tacky Triangle described by Frank Deford, we would like to report that after extensive research we have discovered that during the winter months Florida attracts a bushel basketful of writers on expense accounts. Many, especially those who live in New York, often disappear. Their whereabouts can now be disclosed. They have simply moved to Florida. Who wouldn't rather live in Florida? But just in case some of your readers don't understand and still have some fear of getting lost, we would be happy to supply them with the 1976 edition of our Florida Attractions Guide Map.

We would rate Deford's article at about 1½ pillows.

DON MCKLESCORN

Executive Director

Florida Attractions Association

Tallahassee, Fla.

SNEW BIGHTERS

Sir:

In SCORECARD (Jan. 19) there was an item about the sighting of a snow in Newport. It mentioned that I was the one who found the bird. I should like you to correct this and give credit to Robert Bushnell and Hugh Wiloughby, who discovered the snow and then called me. I saw it and confirmed it.

CHARLES WOOD

Providence

BAJA

Sir:

I enjoyed reading about Baja California (*Baja: Road to Adventure*, Jan. 19), and my husband Paul enjoyed the photos. I must tell you, though, that Baja is no longer the "forgotten peninsula" for golfers. A beautiful links has been created by my father, Percy Clifford, near Ensenada. It is called Bajamar. Golfers there will be hardpressed to keep their minds on their games. Baja California is truly beautiful country.

SANDRA CLIFFORD FULLMER

Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

Having spent last February in Baja, it was with great interest that I read the fine feature. I take exception, however, to Robert

continued

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15TH HOLE *continued*

F. Jones' less than kind words about the Hotel Finsterra. My wife and I stayed there for two weeks and found the food to be excellent. The staff was very courteous and accommodating. In fact, while I was there, people were checking out of other hotels and into the Finsterra because of its excellence.

WILFRED KAY

Westerly, R.I.

BLOW FOR BLOW

Sir:

Here's hoping that Mark Mulvey (*This War Deceit*, *Playboy* Style, Jan. 19) and his ilk were not shocked and disappointed when Mein Joe Greene and company decided not to play touch football in the Super Bowl. The Soviet hockey team's psych job worked, but on the wrong targets—primarily the American sports writers. To hear the Soviet coach tell it, we should believe that the Russians invented the sport with the intention that it be a kind of ice ballet and that the North American body check is a nasty capitalist perversion.

How many more Stanley Cups must the Flyers win to prove that they are a magnificent hockey team loaded with talent, desire and dedication and that Fred Shero is the greatest hockey coach in the world? Come on, Mark, give them their due.

JOHN R. NORMAN JR.

Exton, Pa.

Sir:

What a shame! The Flyers play one of their finest games ever, and all Mark Mulvey writes about is détente and the alleged "assault" on the Soviet Army Club team. Some credit could have been given to the fine play by Don Saleski, Orest Kindrachuk, Joe and Jim Watson, Larry Goodenough and Rick MacLeish. After all, the Soviets were being touted as invincible before the game and Philadelphia did win. It took more than the Hammer, Moose and Torro to score goals.

MARK W. SIMON

Doylstown, Pa.

Sir:

The Jan. 11 game between the Soviet Army Club and the Philadelphia Flyers was a disgrace to the National Hockey League. I admire the Flyers' talents as aggressive players, but slamming opponents into the boards or shoving sticks in their faces shows a complete lack of class and sportsmanship. Coach Fred Shero's "gang" ruined what should have been a classic confrontation between two great teams.

PATRICK DAILEY

Schaumburg, Ill.

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